THE

Tyde taryeth no Man.

A MOSTE PLEASant and merry commedy, right pythie and full of delight.

Compiled by George Wapull.

¶ Foure persons may easily play it.

1. The Printer, Painefull help, the Tenaunt, Faithfull heip the late.
2. Jaynted Profyte, the good Neighbourhod, the Courtier, [illegible], Chastisement, Correction his [illegible].
3. Courage the Tiller, [illegible], his mother.
4. Fayned Assurance, Greedinesse the Merchaunt, the entertainer the Gentleman, the Secretaunt, Authority the Lieutenaunt, his [illegible].

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1576.

THE

Tyderyschen Man.

A MOST PLEASANT

Commendatory Poem,

Publicated by Geoffrey Wagstaff.

AS the worme which in the timber is bred,
The selfe same timber doth consume and eate:
And as the moth which is commonly fed,
In the cloth with her bred, and the same doth frete,
So many persons are a damage great,
To their own countrey, which hath them relieued,
And by them their own countrey ofte times is greued.

¶ So many cities and townes are defamed,
By reason that some inhabitauntes is ill:
So that for ones facte, the whole towne is blamed,
Although the residue to good doe their will.
Yet the fact of this one, the others good name doth spill,
And thus a reproch to his owen towne ingendreth,
And the good name of the whole town he hindereth.

¶ To what ende these wordes we haue spoken,
In our matter shalbe more playnely expresst,
Which the Lorde forbyd no man, to name hath token,
For that it is moste agreeable and best.
Because that no man from his pleasure will fast,
But ech man doth take the crime of his gayne,
Although the same be to others great payne.

¶ For so greedy is the person auaricious,
Whome Saint Austen doth well liken to hell.
For that they both are so much infacious,
That neyther of them know when they are well.
And Ambrosius doth verify and tell,
How that couetous persons do lack that they haue,
And therefore not satisfyed till they are in graue.

¶ But where such people are, small loue there doth rest,
But greedy desyre supplieth the place:
The symple ones commonly, by such are oppressed,
For they nothing way, any needy mans case.

But with greedy grype, their gayne they imbrace,
No kind of degree that they will forbeare,
Neyther any time they will let slip or space.

¶ And although that here a Courtyer is named,
Yet thereby is not ment the Courtyer alone:
But all kindes of persons, who their suites haue framed,
Or to any such greedy guttes, haue made their mone.
Being driuen to their shiftes, to haue ought by lone,
How greedinesse at such times, doth get what he can,
And therefore still cryeth, Tyde tarieth no man.

¶ Which prouerbe right well might be applyed,
To a better sence then it is vsed:
There is time to aske grace, this may not be denyed,
Of thy sinfull life so greatly abused.
Let not that time then be refused,
For that tyde most certayne will tarry no man,
Thus taking the prouerbe, we rightly do scan.

¶ Thus worshipfull Audyence, our Authour desyreth,
That this his name you will not depraue:
But if any fault be, he humbly requireth,
That due intelligence thereof he may haue,
Committing himselfe to your discretions graue,
And thus his Prologue he rudely doth end,
For at hand to approche, the Players intend.

Finis.

Courage

TO the Barge to,
Come they that will go,
Why Sirs I say whan:
It is high tyde,
We may not abide,
Wide taryeth no man.
If ye will not go,
Why then tell me so,
Or else come away straight:
If you come not sone,
You shall haue no rome.
for we haue almost our frayte
There are Vsurers great,
Who their braynes doe beat,
In deuising of guyles:
False dealers also,
A thousand and mo,
Which know store of wyles.
Crafty cutpurses,
Raydens mylchpurses,
Wiues of the Stampe:
Who loue mo then one,
For lying alone,
Is yll for the crampe.
Husbandes as good,
As wigges made of wood:
We haue there also,
With seruauntes so sure,
As packthred most pure,
Which men away thro.
There are such a sight,
I cannot recite,
The halfe that we haue:
And I of this Barge,
Haue the greatest charge,
Their lines for to saue.
Courage contagious,
Or courage contrarious,
That is my name:
To which that I will,
My mind to fulfill,
My maners I frame.
Courage contagious,
When I am outragious,
In working of yll:
And Courage contrary,
When that I doe vary,
To compasse my will.
For as in the Bee,
For certayne we see,
Sweete honey and sting:
So I in my mind,
The better to blind,
Two courages bring.
And as with the sowre,
Eche day and howre,
The Phisition inuenteth:
To mingle as meete,
Something that is sweete,
Which his pacient contenteth.
Euen so some while,
To collour my guile,
Do geue courage to good:
For I by that meane,
Will conney very cleane,
And not be vnderstood.
Now syr to showe,
Whether we do goe,
Will doe very well,
We meane to prouayle,
And therefore we sayle,
To the Diuell of hell.

And though it be farre,
Yet welcome we are,
When thether we come:
No chere there is,
Whereof we shall misse,
But be sure of some.
I Corage do call,
Both great and small,
To the Barge of sinne:
Where in they dar wallow,
Tyll hell doe them swallow,
That is all they do win.
When come ye away,
Thus still I doe say,
As lowde as I can:

Take time while time is,
Least that you doe misse,
Tyde taryeth no man.
With catching and snatching
Making and watching,
Running and rydying:
Let no time escape,
That for you doth make,
For Tyde hath no bydying.
But ebbing and flowing,
Comming and going,
It neuer doth rest:
Therefore when you may,
Make no delay,
For that is the best.

¶ Hurting helpe, Paynted profite, Fayned furtherance,

Helpe. ¶ By the masse syrs for where he is.
Profyte. ¶ I tould thee that heare we should him not misse.
Helpe. ¶ God mayster Corage most hartely god euen. Salute corage
Corage. ¶ In sayth my friendes welcome, all three by sayne Steuen
Jesus god Lord how doe ye fare?
Couer your heads, why are you bare?
And how syrs, now syrs, leade you your lines,
Which of all you three, now the best thrines?
Helpe. ¶ Truth man none of vs can doe amisse,
For we doe alwayes take time while time is.
And where euer we goe like counsayle we giue,
Telling all men that here they shall not still liue.
Corage. ¶ Therein hertefull Helpe, thou doste very well,
The Tyde tarieth no man, thou must alwayes tell.
Helpe. ¶ Indeede hurtefull Helpe, that is my name,
But I would not that all men should know the same.
For I am a broker the truth is so,
Wherefore if men in me hurtfulnesse should know,
There are few or none that with me would deale,
Therefore this word hurtfull I neuer reueale.

By

My name I say, playne Helpe to be,
Wherefore ech man for helpe doth come vnto me,
God mayster Helpe, helpe to that or this,
And of god reward you shall not misse.

Profite. ¶ And as thou from Helpe, hurtfull doste throw,
So paynted, from Profyte, I must forgoe,
For if any man know me, for profyte but paynted,
Men will but little with me be acquaynted.
My mayster who a god gentleman is,
Thinketh me as profitable as he can wish.
So that playne Profite, he thinketh my name,
And before his face, my deades shew the same.

Further. ¶ Farewell my maysters for I may hence walke,
For I see you two will haue all the talke.

Fayne a going out.

Corage. ¶ What fayned Furtherance are you so coy,
Will you neuer leaue the trickes of a boy,
Come agayne I say, least I doe you fet,
And say what thou will, here shall no man let.

Further. ¶ Fet mee.

Corage. ¶ Yea fet thee.

Further. ¶ Marry doe what thou dare.

Corage. ¶ That will I not spare. Out quickly with his dagger.

Helpe. ¶ God sir hold your hand, and beare with his rudenesse,

Corage. ¶ Nay I cannot nor will not suffer his Lewdenesse.

Further. ¶ Tush a figge for him, let him doe what he can.

Corage. ¶ Alas sir who are you, but a Parchaumtes man,
God sir what you are, we know right well,
Who is your mayster, and where you doe dwell,
You profesle that your mayster you doe greatly further.
And yet for his goodes, you would him gladly murther.

Further. ¶ If so I doe wish, it is long of thee,
For thou therevnto haste encouraged mee.

Profyte. ¶ What hight I say, no more of these wordes,
For appeaching oft, the appeacher disturbes.

We friendes agayne as you were at the firſt,
Let eche man ſay the beſt, and leaue out the woꝛſt.
Further. ¶ I foꝛ my part doe thereunto conſent. And ſhake handes.
Corage. ¶ Then gene mé thy hand if thou be content.
Now are we friendes, as at firſt we were,
Further. Therefoꝛe ſtraight way thy mind let vs here.
¶ Truſty I meane to doe euen as doe the reſt,
Foꝛ in mine opinion that is the beſt,
And as hurting helpe, hath hurting foꝛgone,
And paynted pꝛofyte, is pꝛofyte alone,
So I fayned furtheraunce, henceforth doe minde,
To be furtheraunce playne, leauing fayned behinde:
Other mens furtheraunce to ſéeke I will ſay,
Yet will I ſéeke mine owne as much as I may.
Corage. ¶ Elſe were thou vnwiſe, yea and a very fole,
Thou learnedſt none otherwiſe, I trow in my ſchole.
I am a ſchoolemayſter foꝛ you thꝛée moſt fytte,
Who indued you with courage, in ſtead of great wytte.
Helpe. ¶ To be our mayſter wilt thou take in hand,
Why we are as good as thou, thou ſhalt vnderſtand.
Corage. ¶ Alas poꝛe knaues, what could you thꝛée doe,
If you haue not courage belonging thereto.
Helpe. ¶ And what can courage doe without helpe,
As much as a kitling oꝛ ſuckling whelpe.
Corage. ¶ And by hurtfull helpe, what am I the better,
Being holpe to a hurt, I am no great getter.
Helpe. ¶ It is folly with thée thus to contend,
We are as good as thou, and ſo I doe ende.
Corage. ¶ Since that by woꝛdes I can no mayſtry haue,
I would pꝛoue what my manhood will doe fyꝛ knaue.
Profite. ¶ Why arte thou blind, mayeſt thou not ſée,
That agayne thée one, we are here thꝛée.
Corage. ¶ And what can thꝛée doe agaynſt one,
I hauing courage, and they hauing none.
Therefoꝛe courage will claw you oꝛ you goe hence,
Now defend your ſelues I will ſée your fence.

¶ What

Helpe. ¶ What Corage I say thy hand now stay.
Corage. ¶ Will you then consent to that which I say.
Helpe. ¶ There is no remedy but we muste consent,
How euer it is good a soles minde to content:
Therefore I am content to be thine inferiour,
And I will from henceforth take thee for superiour.
Corage. ¶ And so will the residue I trow also.
Profyte. ¶ If you say I sye, we will not say no.
Corage. ¶ Well syrs, then I will shew you my minde,
But fyrst I will distribe you, ech one in his kinde,
Thou helpe arte a broker, betwene man and man,
Wherby much deceyte thou vsest now and than,
Profite is one, who by seruice in sight,
Doth cause his mayster to thinke him moste right,
A profytable seruaunt, he thinketh him to be,
Because he is profytable, while he doth him see.
And fayned Furtherance, doth fayne him to further,
His mayster and others, whome fayne he would murther.
Thus in seking welth you all doe agree,
And yet you professe others friendes for to be,
Profite. ¶ Ne quisque sapit, qui sibi non sapit,
This saying I redde, when as I went to schole,
One not wise for himselfe, is but a very fole.
Helpe. ¶ By my troth, and of that opinyon am I,
And in that opinyon I meane for to dye,
Further. ¶ Tush why spend you tyme in speaking of that,
While thereon you talke, in vayne is your chat,
For who helpes not himselfe, before any other,
I coumpt him a fole, & he were my brother,
And as I count him, all people doe so,
Therefore cease this talke, and hence let vs go,
For some of vs may chaunce to mete with a chyding,
Because that so long from home we are biding.
Profyte. ¶ By S. Anne I thinke therein thou say well,
For I know therout I am like to here tell.
Corage. ¶ Why man a little while breaketh no square.

elpe. ¶ Truth helpe hath excuse, to colour that care.
rther. ¶ Yea but already we haue tarryed to long.
elpe. ¶ Why then ye were best goe without a song.
rther. ¶ Nay I will tarry to sing, though therefore I should dye.
rofite. ¶ Why helpe to singing, I did neuer denye.
orage, ¶ Why then syrs haue at it corragiously.

The Song.

FYrst Corage causeth mindes of men,
to wish for good or ill:
And some by Corage now and then,
at Tiborne make their will.
Helpe, Profite, and Furtherance do layne,
Where Corage doth catch in any mans brayne,

¶ Then helpe in hope to haue his pray,
full secretly doth wayte:
And as the time doth serue alway,
he throweth forth his bayte.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ Profite prolongeth not the time,
to please his paynted mind:
He palleth not though mayster pyne,
so he his pleasure find.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ And Furtherance, thou last of all,
he came into the rowte:
He wayeth not his maysters thrall,
nor seekes to helpe him out.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

Finis.

ro. Fur. ¶ Now Corage farewell for we must be gone.
elpe, ¶ Nay syrs you two shall not go alone.

For

For I doe meane to beare you company,
And so shall we be euen a whole trinity.
Therefore Corage adewe. They three go out.

Corage. ¶ Syr here was a trinity in a witnesse,
A man might haue thapte three knaues by their likenesse,
A trinity much like to the trinity of late,
Where good wife Gull, brake her goodmans pate.
In came herman to make vp the number,
Who had his nole shode, with the skrale of a scumber.
But in fyne, these three began to agree,
And knit them selues vp in one trinity.
And after they loued like brother and brother,
For very loue, they did kill one another.
And then they were buried, I doe well remember,
In Stawtons strawne hat, vij. mile from December.
Where they had not lyen the space of a day,
But some of those three, were thence run away,
The Constable came, with a backe on his bill,
And because they were gone, he did them kill,
I Corage so cleft their Cushions a sunder,
To see how they bled, it made me to wonder,
I my selfe was smitten twise to the ground,
I was very sore hurt, but I had not a wound,
I buskeled my selfe as though fight I would,
And toke vp for my legges as fast as I could,
And so with much payne hither I did come,

Greedines enter. But hush syra I say, no more words but mum.

Corage. ¶ Mushe talke not of that, for in payne you doe prate,
For there are none but soles, that welthines doe hate.

Greedines ¶ What Greedinesse I say, why what is the matter,
Mayster welthinesse I would say, whereon doe you clatter?
¶ What old friend Corage, arte thou so nere hand,
Marry I will shewe thee, how the matter doth stand,
As I walked along, through by the streete,
By such wayes as mine aduersaries did lie:
It was my chaunce with a preacher to meete,

Whose company to haue I did not deny,
And as we two together did walke,
Amongest other communication we had,
The Preacher brake out with reprochable talke:
Saying that we citizens were all to bad,
Some of vs he sayeth are greedy gutts all:
And euell members of a common welth,
He sayeth we care not whome we bring to thrall,
Neyther haue we regard vnto our soules health,
His talke I confesse my conscience did nip,
Wherefore no longer I would him abide,
But sodenly I gaue him the slip,
And crossed the way to the other syde.
So alone I let mayster Preacher walke,
And here by chaunce I stombled in.

Prage. ¶ And arte thou so foolish for any such talke,
To cease or stay thy welth for to win.

reedines ¶ Serra, he cried out of excessiue gayne,
Saying when any of our wares haue neede,
Then doe we hoyst them vp to their payne,
And commonly make them pay for their speede.

Prage. ¶ I perceiue that fellow was note of the spirite,
He would not haue you take time while time is,
If ye follow his councell, he will begger you quite,
But what answere diddest thou geue him to this?

reedines ¶ Why thou knowest my quallity is such,
That by contrary talke, I vse no man to blame,
For although often my doinges they touch,
Yet my talke alwayes to the tyme I frame.
When he sayd excessiue gayners were ill,
I sayd to them it was a shame:
And in all thinges else, I pleased his will:
And so I sayned my selfe without blame.

Prage. ¶ Thou dost wisely therein, I commend thee therefore,
For what euer thou thinke, yet say as they doe,
So shalte thou haue their fauoures euermore.

And that way no blame thou shalt come vnto.

Greedines ¶Yea but truely his wordes did my conscience prick,
Of me he did so vnhappely gesse,
I promise the he touched me vnto the quick,
For that in gayning I vsed excesse.
My conscience doth tell me, I haue done amisse,
And of long time I haue gone astray,
And a thousand witnesses the conscience is,
As Salust in moste playne wordes doth say.

Corage. ¶Why doltish patch, arte thou so vnwise,
To quayle for the saying of such a knaue,
Thou knowest all the world will the despyse,
And a begging thou mayst goe, if that naught thou haue.
And how shalt thou haue ought,
If thy gayne be not great?
Consider this well in thy minde,
Remember thy house, and thy wife that peate,
Must still be kept in their costly kinde:
Therefore take the time, while the time doth serue,
Tyde taryeth no man, this thou bolde know,
If thy goods decay, then mayst thou sterue,
So doing thou seekest thine own ouerthrow.

Greedines ¶In deede as thou sayest, it doth me behoue,
Not so rashly to lay my gayning aside,
Least so my selfe a fole I doe prooue,
By shoting from my prokyte so wyde:
I consider my welth is now at good stay,
Which I would be loth should be impared,
For once rich, and after in decay,
Is a miserable thing, as Hyemos hath declared.
Therefore I meane thy councell to take,
Least of that misery I know the smart,
Then is it to late any mone to make,
Or from such folishnesse to reuart.
Therefore Corage adew vnto the,
For it behoueth me hence to departe.

Exiens.

prage. ¶ Adew Welthinesse till agayne we se,
Adew great grædinesse with all my hart,
Hath not Corage contagious now shewd his kinde,
By encouraging Grædinesse vnto euill:
Which late was drawing to a better minde,
And now agayne doth follow the Deuill.

Enter Helpe, and no good Neighbourhood.

Helpe. ¶ Loe thæ Neighbourhod, where Corage doth stand.
prage. ¶ What no god Neighbourhod, geue me thy hand.
eighbor. ¶ Those two fyrst syllables, might be put out,
And then thou hittest my name without doubt.
prage. ¶ Why is not no god Neighbourhod thy name?
eighbor. ¶ Put away no god, and se how it will frame.
For if thou doe put away no god,
There resteth no more but neighborhod.
prage. ¶ Then is it neighbourhod, neither god nor bad,
Nay though we leaue the fyrst, it is god the next we had.
For leaning out no, put god to the rest,
Then is it god neighbourhod, thus I thinke is best.
eighbor. ¶ Nay I will haue them both two left out,
Because of my name men should stand in doubt:
For if no god neigbourhod I be named,
Then of all men I shall be blamed.
And if that god, to neighbourhod I haue,
Men will say I doe it prayse to craue.
So I will leaue out both no and god,
And will be indifferent sole Neighbourhod.
prage. ¶ Then Neighborhod be it, if so it shall be,
And neighborhod, what is thine errand to me?
eighbor. ¶ Syr my comming, is for occasions two,
The fyrst is for your councell, what were best to doe,
In a matter which I haue lately begon,
If I shall procede, or else leaue it vndone.
The second is, if I shall procede,

That

That you will stand my friend if I nede.

Corage. ¶ Assure thy selfe thereof without doubt,
Therefore shewe me the matter thou goest about.

Neighbor. ¶ I thanke you syr euen with all my harte,
And I trust also that Helpe will doe his parte.

Helpe. ¶ Doubt not but that I to the will be clearing,
Therefore proceede and shewe him thy meaning.

Neighbor. ¶ Then syr this is the matter, if it shall please you giue eare,
I haue a neighbour who dwelleth to me somewhat neare,
Who hath a Tenement, commodyous and feate,
To which Tenement I beare a loue very greate,
This man my neighbour as far as I can learne,
Hath in his Tenement but a shorte tearme,
Fower or fyue yeares or there about,
Which tearme you know, will sone be worne out.
Now syr might I in reuersion, a lease thereof haue,
I would giue the Landlord, euen what he would craue.

Corage. ¶ And who is the Landlord, thereof can you tell?

Neighbor. ¶ Mayster Greedinesse, a man whome you know right well,
He is one which neuer did mongshate.

Corage. ¶ Why then speake in time, least thou be to late,
The Tyde taryeth no man the prouerbe hath sayde,
Therefore se no time herein be delayde,
Mayster Helpe here shalbe to thee a stay,
For with mayster greedinesse, he beareth great sway.

Helpe. ¶ I will doe for him what lyeth in me.

Neighbor. ¶ And then to your paynes I will gladly be.

Corage. ¶ Doubt not then, but thou shalt haue thy mind.

Neighbor. ¶ As you say, I with that I may it find,
But I doubt that of my purpose I shall misse,
By reason of one thing, and that is this:
My foresayd neighbour which now holdeth the same,
Hath bene there a long dweller of good name and fame.
And well he is beloued both of yong and old,
Wherefore not onely the neighbours with him will holde,
But also the Landlord, I am in great doubt,

Wilbe therefore vnwilling to put him out,
And I but a straunger among them God wote.

Helpe. ¶ Marry syr it is much the better for that,
For if they were more straunge, and borne out of the land,
Thou shouldest sooner haue it I dare take in hand,
For among vs now, such is our countrey zeale,
That we loue best with straungers to deale.
To sell a lease deare, whosoeuer that will,
At the french, or dutch Church let him set vp his bill:
And he shall haue chapmen, I warrant you good store,
Loke what an English man bids, they will giue as much
We brokers of straungers, well know the gayne, (more.
By them we haue good rewardes for our payne.
Therefore though thou be straunge, the matter is not great,
For thy money is English, which must worke the feate.

Neighbor. ¶ In deede my money as a neighbour will agree,
With any man where soeuer it be.
And I my selfe would be a neighbour to,
And therefore the rather I doe that I doe,
For if it were not to be a neighbour by them,
I wisse I would not take a house so nye them.

Helpe. ¶ I dare say eche man would be glad at his harte,
To haue all his neighbours such as thou arte.
What matter is it, if thou thy selfe be sped,
Though thou take thy neighbours house ouer his head.

Corage. ¶ Tush that is no harme, but rather it is good,
For he doth it only for pure neighbourhood.
See yonder commeth one, if thou canst make him thy friend,
Then mayest thou shortly bring thy purpose to end.

¶ Furtheraunce entereth

Further. ¶ How now syr Corage how doe you fare.

Corage. ¶ Euen glad to se that you to meet vs are:
Furtheraunce you must pleasure a friend of myne.

Further. ¶ Therein I am ready at eche tide and tyme,
To doe for him what in me doth lye.

Therefore

Therefore let me know your mynd by and by.

Corage. ¶Serra, of thy mayster a lease he would haue,
And therein thy friendship it is, he doth craue.

Neighbor. ¶Syr, if that herein my friend you will stand,
I will giue you therefore euen what you will demaund.

Further, ¶Then Neighbourhed thou shalt shortly se,
That I can dos somewhat betweene my mayster and thee.
Thou couldest neuer speake better to spede,
For of money now he standeth in nede.
To pay for a purchase of certayne land,
Which nedes he must discharge out of hand.
Therefore this time for thee well doth fall,
If that thou haue money to tempt him withall.

Neighbor. ¶Tush man for money I will not spare,

Further. ¶Then nedest thou no whit for to care,
And if thou take payne now to walke home,
There shalt thou fynd him sitting alone.

Corage. ¶Cocks passion man hye thee away,
Thou knowest the Tyde for no man will stay.

Neighbor. ¶Why syr but will you not walke with vs thither?

Further, ¶No, doe Helpe and you goe before together,
And I warrant you I will not long be behind you,
For though I be absent, yet I will mind you.

Neighbor, ¶Then syr adew till we mete agayne,
Doubt not but I will consider your payne.
Come Helpe shall we goe.

Helpe. ¶It is time I trow.

Exeunt.

Further, ¶Ah syr this geare doth trimly fall out,
I know this lease which he goeth about:
Wherefore I will worke so on both the sydes,
That of both parties I will obtayne bribes,
I will the wyfe old Wengunt how one goeth about,
To take his house and to thrust him out.
Wherefore he will largely grease me in the hand,
Because his friend therein I shall stand.
The other here did promise me playne,

That he would reward me for my payne.
Therefore Corage farewell vnto thee,
For how this geare will frame, I will see.

Corage. ¶ Farewell Furtherance, my gentle friend,
A man may seeke Hell, and such two not find.
I meane a friend, so worthy to trust,
And a neighbour, that is so honest and iust.
Of honesty I trow, he is nuetely well sped,
That will take his neighbours house ouer his hed.
I thinke there is no man, within this place,
But he would gladly such neighbours imbrace.
Where two such neighbours dye out of one towne,
The Deuill shall be sure, to haue one black Gowne.
As well he is worthy, if I might be iudge,
For in their affayres, he dayly doth trudge.
Good councell he giues them, both morning and euening,
What meanes they that worke, to their neighbors greuing.
He teacheth them how, to pill and to poule,
In hope after death, to haue body and soule.
Tush what meane I thus, of soule for to speake,
In vayne with such talke, my braynes I doe breake.
For soule there is none, when the body is dead,
In such kinde of doctryne, my schollers I leade.
Therefore say I, take time, while time is,
For after this life, there is nothing but blisse.
There is no soule, any payne to abide,
The Teachers contrary, from truth are far wide.

Willing to win worship, enter Courtyer like.

Courtyer. ¶ Oh so my hart is filled with doubt,
Which way I may worke, my worship to win:
Shall I leane of Courtyers, so iolly a rout,
And eke of Ladies a company so trim.
And shall I home to my cottage rude,
There to liue like a countrey clowne:

Truely

Truely I know not which way to conclude,
To get my selfe worship and renowne.
To win worship I would be right glad,
Therefore (willing to win worship) is my name:
In the countrey there is none such to be had,
And the Court doth aske, great cost for the same.
So that what I shall doe, I know not yet,
I consider it is toward a good time:
Wherein tryumphing is vsed, as is moste fit,
And where Courtyers must shew themselues, braue and fine.
But this I conclude, as forced I am,
The Court for to leaue, and homeward to packe:
For where is the money? here is the man.
If man he may be, that money doth lacke.

Corage. ¶ Syr are you so foolish, the Court for to leaue?
When the time is, that worship you should win:
For in times of tryumphing, we all trayes perceaue,
The Courtyers worship, doth first begin.
Therefore do you from such foolishnesse stay,
And Fortune may chaunce, giue you as you wish.

Courtyer. ¶ But the wheeles of Fortune, as Socrates doth say,
Are like the snares, where with men take fish.
And in an other place, Plautus doth shew,
A saying in Latyn, and that is this:
Festo die si quid prodigeris,
Profesto egere liceat nisi peperceris.
If on the Holiday, wasting thou doe vse,
On the worke day thou mayest beg, vnlesse well thou get:
So in tryumphing, like effect insues,
That next after, waste, indigence is set.

Corage. ¶ Then Periander's wordes you accompt leash,
Who vnto honour, an incoragement is:
Honor (sayeth he) Immortalis est,
Now syr I pray you, how like you this?

Courtyer. ¶ Those wordes to be true, I must needes confesse,
For honour in deede, is an immortall fame:

And now is the time the same to possesse,
But I haue not wherewith to atchiue the same.
For money is he that the man must decke,
And though I haue attire both costly and gay,
Yet vnlesse it be new, I shall haue but a geck,
Therefore much better for me be away.

Brage. ¶ Tush man for money be thou not sad,
You Co urtyers I know haue Iewels good store,
And m enery for Iewels will alwayes be had,
Therefore for that matter care thou no more.

Courtyer. ¶ Yea but how it is had, I partely doo know,
And what excessiue interest is payde,
Therefore you may say the more is my woe,
Would God that I had it neuer assayde.

Brage. ¶ Well, what euer it cost, it must needes be had,
Therefore withstand not thy fortunate chaunce,
For I will count thee sole, worse then mad,
If thou wilt not spend money, thy selfe to aduaunce,
Now is the time of hap good or ill:
Venture it therefore while it is hote,
For the Tyde will not tarry for any mans will,
Neuer shalte thou spede, if now thou spede not.

Courtyer. ¶ Truely this talke doth encorage me so much,
That to see the Court agayne, I doe pretend,
But I pray thee doest thou know any such,
As vse vpon gages money to lende.

Brage. ¶ Why man for that matter you needs not to doubt,
Of such men there are ynow euery where,
But se how lukely it doth fall out.
See yonder two friendes of mine doe appeare.
There is a broker betwene man and man,
When as any bargaynes they haue in hand,
The other a Marchaunte man now and than,
In borrowing money, thy friendes they may stand.

Helpe and Furtherance enter.

¶ So

and

Helpe. ¶ So are we in deede, and what of that,
Who is it that with vs would any thing deale?

Courtyer. ¶ Euen I a Gentleman whome money doe lacke,
And therein your friendlyp would gladly craue.

Helpe. ¶ Therein we can helpe you if your pleasure it be,
And will do or else we were greatly to blame,
Prouided alwayes that to our paynes you doe se,
And also put in a good pawne for the same.

Courtyer. ¶ A pawne sufficient I will therefore lay,
And also your paynes I will recompence well,
But I must nedes haue it out of the way,
Although my Landes therefore I do sell.

Helpe. ¶ You shall haue it syr so some as you will,
And therein you shalbe friendly vsed,
For in friendly vsing this fellow hath skill, pointing to Furtherance.
Therefore his counsel must not be refused.
He is seruaunt vnto a Farthaunt man,
Who is partly ruled after his minde.

Courtyer. ¶ In deede as you say, helpe me he can,
I doubt not but his friendlyp I shall fynd.
Doubt you not syr, but in pleasuring me,
I will recompence your paynes with the moste.

Further. ¶ What I can doe for you, some you shall se,
It is but folly thereof for to boast.

Courtyer. ¶ Well then it is time that hence we were packing,
For sayns an end thereof I would know.

Helpe. ¶ Why syr no diligence in vs shalbe lacking,
For we are ready, if that you be so.

Courtyer. ¶ Why then that we go I thinke it were best,
Thinke you your mayster is now at home?

Further. ¶ Ye I know well at home he doth rest,
And I gesse that now he is sitting alone,
Therefore no longer here let vs stay.

Courtyer. ¶ Then sir adew for I will leade the way.
Speaking to Corage & goeth out with Furtherance, & Helpe.

rage. ¶ How may you see how Corage can worke,
And how he can encorage, both to good and bad:
The Marchaunt is incouraged, in greedinesse to lurke,
And the Courtyer to win worship, by Corage is glad.
The one is good, no man will denay,
I meane corage to win worship and fame:
So that the other is ill, all men will say,
That is corage to greedinesse, which getteth ill name.
Thus may you see Corage contagious,
And eake contrarious, both in me do rest:
For I of kind, am allwayes various,
And chaunge, as to my mind seemeth best.
Betweene man and wife, sometimes I doe showe,
Both my kindnesse, when my pleasure it is:
The goodwife giueth her husband a blow,
And he for reward, doth giue her a kisse.
The goodwyfe by Corage, is hardy and stoute,
The goodman contrary, is patient and meeke:
And suffreth himselfe to be called loute,
Yea, and worse misused, thrise in a weeke.
How say you good wiues, is it not so?
I warrant you, not one that can say nay:
Whereby all men here, may right well know,
That all this is true which I doe say.
But yet Corage tels you not all that he knowes,
For then he must tell, of each wife the name:
Which is no great matter, the best are but shrewes,
But I will not say so, for feare I haue blame.

Greedinesse enter.

eedines ¶ How Corage I say, what newes in the colde?
What good tidinges abroade, doest thou heare?

rage. ¶ Why what doest thou heare? bye thee home in polde,
For I sent home a Gentleman, to seeke for thee there.

eedines ¶ And what is the matter that with me he would haue?

He

Corage. ¶He must borrow some money, his worship to saue.
Greedines ¶Tush then to tarry he will be glad,
If that he come any money to borrow.
Corage. ¶Yea but take the time, while it is to be had,
And deferre not thy profite, vntill to morrow.
This Gentleman is a Courtyer braue,
And now in nede of money doth stand:
Therefore thine owne asking, of him thou mayest haue,
So that thou wilte pleasure him out of hand.
Greedines ¶And is he a Courtyer, and standeth in nede,
This to my purpose, doth rightly fall:
For the needy Courtyers, my coffers do fede,
And I warrant thee, that pinch him I shall.
For since I know, his nede to be such,
That money he must nedes occupy:
I know I cannot aske him to much,
If I his mind will satisfy.
Therefore now Corage to thee adew. Fayne a going out.
Corage. ¶May so[r]te syr yet one word with you.
You told me not yet how you did agree,
With my good Neighbourhed, that good man growte.
Greedines ¶Mary syr he hath gone thorow with me,
And the old Tenaunt he will thrust oute.
But I with that matter haue naught to doe,
Let them two now for that agree:
I know I should neuer haue come vnto,
So much as therefore he hath payed to me.
Therefore I might be counted mad,
If I to his proffer would not haue tended:
This profitable lesson which of thee I had,
The Tyde taryeth no Man, was not vnremembred,
Profite entreth,
Profite. ¶God spede syr, I pray you shew me if you can,
Did you not mayster Welthinesse here about se.
Corage. ¶Cockes passion this is the Gentlemans man,
Speaking to Greedines,

Which at home doth tarry for thee,
Syr Welthintise is not hence far away.

Turning to Profite.

Freedines ¶ I am hee syr, what would you of me require?
Profite. ¶ My maister at home for your worship doth stay,
And to speake with you he doth greatly desyre,
If it be your pleasure home to repayre,
Or if ye will, he shall hether come,
Your maisterships pleasure therefore declare,
And I know incontinent it shalbe done.
Freedines ¶ May I meane homeward to lye,
For that I suppose to be the best,
And by all the meanes that in me doth lye,
I will fulfill your maisters request.
Profite. ¶ I trust also you will consider my payne,
Thereby I trust you shall not lose,
For perchaunce I may preferre your gayne,
By meane which with my maister I doe use.
Freedines ¶ As I fynd thee ready in furthering of me,
So doubt thou not but thou shalt fynd,
Me euen as ready in pleasuring of thee,
A word is ynough, thou knowest my minde,
Therefore hence let us now take the way.
Profite. ¶ My maister thinketh us long I dare say. Exiunt.
Corage. ¶ I warrant you I will not be long behind,
I know no cause why here I should stay,
A company of my scholfers I know where to fynd,
Therefore toward them I will take the way. Exiunt.

The Tenaunt tormented enuyeth.

Tenaunt. ¶ Whether shall I goe, or which way shall I take,
To fynd a Christian constant and true,
Euery man himselfe a Christian would make,
Yet few or none, that a man may trust.

But

But for the moll parte rayned, inclined to hate,
As to insatiable couetousnesse, moste abhominable,
Or some other vice, moste vile and detestable.
It is well knowen, what rigour hath raigne,
In that cruell tyger, my Landlord Oredmelle:
Who in my house, would not let me remayne,
But hath thrust me out, with spitefull spedynesse,
Hauing no respect, to my naked nakednesse,
But altogether, regarding his gayne,
Hath bereaued my liuing from me, to my payne,
What neighbourhood is, many also be serue,
My neighbour supposed, is my deadly foe:
What cruell chaunce, like to mine hath beene,
Both my house and liuing, I must now forgoe,
What neighbour is he, that hath serued me so,
Thus cruelly to take my house, ouer my head,
Wherein these forty yeares, I haue dene harbored and fed,
And now being aged, must thus be thrust out,
With mine impotent wife, charge, and famely:
Now how I shall liue, I stand in great doute,
Leading and ending, my life in misery,
But better doe so, then as they liue, by theuery,
Catching and snatching, all that euer they can,
Because that (say they) Tyde tarryeth no man,
But God graunt that they, in following that Tyde,
Lose not the tyde of Gods mercy and grace:
I doubt that from them, away it will flye,
If they still pursue the contrary race,
As dayly they doe, Gods lawes to deface,
To their own soules hurte, and to their neighbours damage,
Still following the instructions, of cursed Corage,
I see whome I seeke, is not here to be found,
I meane Christianity, constant and iust:
I doubte that in bondage he lyeth fast bound,
Or else he is dead, and lyeth buryed in dust.
But if he be liuing, to God him I trust,

NOTE

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Therefore till I fynd him, I will no where ſtay,
Perchee in ſeeking of him, I will make delay.

Enter Corage.

Corage. ¶ Ah ſyrra, I cannot choſe but reioyce,
When I remember my little pretty boyes,
My ſcholers I meane, who all without noyce,
Crye we loue Corage, without other choyce.
The yong wyphes I incorage and leade,
In ryotous forefteps, to trimly to treade.
That guilty, and vnguilty, eſpeu they pleade,
And being found guilty, hang all ſaue the head.
The virgins which are but tender of age,
Rather then their trim attyre ſhould ſwage.
Their tayles for new they will lay to gage,
To euery ſlaue, peaſaunt, and page.
The graund ſignyoures, which in yeares are rype,
With couetous clawes, like the greedy grype.
Their poze brethren, from their liuinges do wype,
And euermoze daunce, after Corages pype.
Corage neuer inquiet doth lye,
But the Tyde tarryeth no man, ſtill he doth crye.
Therefore worke thy will by and by,
That rich thou mayeſt be, when euer thou dy.

The mayd willfull Wanton enter.

Wanton. ¶ Of all miſfortunes, mine is the worſt,
Truely I thinke I was accurſt:
When I was an infant, not fully nurſt,
Alas for grieke, my harte it will burſt.
I dayly ſee women as yong as I,
Which in whyte Caps, our doze doe go by:
I am as able as they, with a man to lye,
Yet my mother doth ſtill, my wedding denye.

Sho

She sayeth for wedding, that I am vnfit,
Maydes of fowertene yeares she sayeth, hath his wit.
And so euery day she sayeth I shall tarry yet,
That would God I were put quite in the pit.
God wot we maydes, abide muth misery,
And alwayes kept in, from hauing liberty:
Of euill tongues we walke in leoberty,
Most people are now so full of ielousy:
If a yongman a mayde doe but kisse,
Now (say the people) you may see what she is:
Where if I were a wyfe, nothing I should mysse,
But liue like a Lady, in all ioyfull blisse.
I right well doe know, the peoples spight,
Because that to be pleasaunt, I haue delight:
Therefore past grace, they say I am quight,
And a wilfull wanton, my name they doe wright.
Yet I trust in God, once to see the day,
That to recompence their spight I may:
For if euer I be marryed, and beare any sway,
Then I know what I haue to say.
Therefore good God, make me shortly a wife,
Or else shortly take away my life.
¶ Alas pretty Parnell, you may some end this tryfle,
Yong men fit for husbandes, in this towne are rife,
And your mothers ill will, you may soone preuent,
If you will follow my councell, and intent.
¶ Oh but if my mother would thereto consent,
To be marryed this night, I could be content.
¶ But consent she or not, yet is it for thee,
Vnto thine own preferment to see.
Doest thou with any yong man so agree,
That he would consent, thy husband to be.
¶ Diuers there are, who gladly would haue me,
And being their wyfe, would trimly behaue me.
From all wrong they would defend and saue me,
Truly knowe there are, which to wife doe craue me.

Corage. ¶Then deferre no time if that thou be wise,
For now to preferment, thou arte like to arise.
The tide taryeth no man, else the prouerbe lyes,
In delaying comes harmes, thou seest with thine eyes.
But by mariage all thy greefe shalbe eased,
And thy ioyes shall manifold wayes be increased.

Wanton. ¶But alas my mother will so be displeased,
That I know her wrath will neuer be appeased.

Corage. ¶And wilt thou for displeasing of her,
Thine owne preferment and fortune defer?
Now arte thou youthfull, thy selfe to prefere,
And thy youthfull bewty, mens heartes may stere.
But youthfull bewty will not alwayes last,
The tyde taryeth no man, but sone it is past.
Therefore to wedding, see thou make haste,
For now much time thou dost lose in waste.

Wanton. ¶Oh what comfortable wordes are these,
Truely your talke doth me greatly please,
I will not stinte but seeke out alwayes,
Untill that I haue found some ease.
I care not what my mother doe say,
This matter I will no longer delay.
But a husband I will haue out of the way,
And then may I boldly sally and play.
No man dare me then once to controule,
Least my husband chaunce for to scoule.
If any man vse to intreate me foule,
My husband will lay him ouer the noule.
It doth me good to thinke of the blisse,
Which betweene new married couples is.
To see their dallyaunce sometime ywisse,
It setteth my teeth an edge by gisse.
Truely I would gladly giue my best frock,
And all thinges else vnto my smock.
To be married in the morning by vi. of the clock,
I beshrew my heart if that I doe mock.

Syr you will not beleue how I long,
To be one of the wedded thong.
My thinkes it lyeth in no tongue,
To shew the ioyes that is them among.

Corage. ¶ It passeth ioy which they imbrace,
They take their pleasure in euery place.
Like Aungels they doe run their race,
In passing blisse, and great solace.

Wanton. ¶ Well syr I will no longer tarry,
But some man out of hand will marry.
Although from my mothers minde I varry,
Yet your wordes in minde I carry.
Therefore good sir to you adew,
Untill agayne I meete with you.
If I spede well, a good coate new,
To your parte may chaunce insue. Exiens.

Corage. ¶ Alas wilfull wanton, my pretty peate,
My wordes haue set her in such a heate.
Now toward wedding her loue is so greate,
That scarce she can neither drinke nor eate.
Now I Corage in her doe begin,
So that for her mother she cares not a pin.
Now all her mind is a husband to win,
To be vnwedded she thinketh it sin.
How say you my virgines euery one,
Is it not a sinne to lye alone?
When .xij. yeares of age is gone,
I dare say you thinke so euery one.

Helpe entereth.

Helpe. ¶ May now let him shifte for himselfe if he will,
Since I am payed the thing I did seeke:
Alas good Gentleman, he is serued but ill,
In fayth he is in now by the weeke.
He hath nought but that, for which he hath payed,

The lone of his money he hath dearly bought,
I warrant you it might be boldly sayd,
His cardes being tolde, he hath wonne right nought.
¶ And how so helpe: is he so pincht I saye
By my troth that is a sport for to heare.
¶ Serra, he standes bound forty poundes to pay,
But little more then thirty away he did beare,
For what with the marchauntes duety for lone,
Item for writing vnto the scrybe:
The third part into my pouch is gone,
And the marchauntes man, hath not lost his bybe,
So that amongest vs fower, almost ten poundes,
Is clearely dispersed and spent:
The Gentleman sweareth, harte, blud, and woundes,
Repenting that after thy councell he went.
¶ Yea but syrs, my parte is the least,
Who am the Captayne of all the route.
¶ Nath man for that matter, set thy heart at rest,
For that which we haue, thou shalt not be without,
But syra, seest thou not who doth yonder appeare,
By my troth me thinkes two knaues they are.

Profite and Furtherance, enter together.

¶ Indede whosoeuer vnto thee is neare,
For a knaue he nedeth not to seke farre.
¶ Sirs I will tell troth to make you agree,
By gelle I thinke, you are knaues all three.
¶ In dede three we are, we are no lesse,
And you are the fourth to make vp the messe.
¶ Well for that matter, we will not greatly striue,
But syrs what wind now did you hether driue?
¶ I sayth to the to thee what luck we haue had,
By (willing to win worship) that lucky lad.
To make talke thereof, now it is no time,
But if thou wilt go with vs, we will giue the the wine.

¶ And

Profite. ¶And as my mayster pleased you two, and the scribe,
So of Crédinesse the Marchaunt, I had a bribe.
So that none of vs went vnpaid away,
But of one of the parties, had honestly our pay.

Helpe. ¶Yea but of them both, I had my bribes,
My maysters, the Broker can play of both sides,
He is almost payd as well for his trotting,
As is the Scribe, for his writing or blotting.
Yea and yet both parties are not content,
For I dare say the gentleman, his bargayne doth repent,

Further. ¶Marry syr can you blame him, that so hath bene rung,
He may say he hath payde, to heare a faire tongue.
And now without his man he is gone,
His man geues him leaue for to walke alone.

Profite. ¶Let me alone, I warrant thee some excuse I will haue,
And the worst fall I know, I shalbe but called knaue.
But yet sirs after him, I will lye,
And by the way I will inuent some lye.

Corage. ¶Nay softe Profyte, you must not go so,
You must helpe to sing a payre of you goe,

Profite. ¶So it be short, I am well content.

Corage. ¶And all the residue thereto do consent.

The Song.

WE haue great gayne, with little payne,
And lightly spend it to:
We doe not toyle, nor yet we moyle,
As other poore folkes do.
We are winners all three,
And so will we be,
Where euer that we come a:
For we know how,
To bend and bow,
And what is to be done a.

With

¶ The

¶ To kneele and crouch, to fill the pouch,
We are full glad and layne:
We euer still, euen at our will,
Are getters of great gayne.
We are winners. &c.

¶ It is our will, to poule and pill,
All such as doe vs trust;
We beare in hande, good friendes to stande,
Though we be most vniust.
We be winners. &c.

¶ Full far abontes, we knowe the routes,
Of them that riches had:
Whome through deceite, as lyth to bayte,
We made their thrift forth gad.
We are winners. &c.

Finis.

¶ Now Cole profite, in fayth gramarcy for thy sawe.
¶ Much good do it thee, but I am afeard I tarry to lowe.
Therefore friendes adue, for I will be gone.
¶ Nay lorde Profite, leaue vs not behinde,
For hence to depart, we also do minde.
¶ Then thee knaues on a cluster, get you together,
Needes knaues you must go, for so you came hether.
¶ But here we found thee, a knaue most of all,
And so we leaue thee, as thou doest vs call.
¶ Now so is the purpose, and this is the cale,
Good coson Cutpurse, if you be in place.
I beseech you now, your dilligence to plye,
I warrant thee I, no man shall thee espye.
If they doe, it is but an howres hanging,
But such a purse thou mayest catch, worth a yeres spending.
I warrant thee encouraging thou shalt not lacke,
Come hyther, let me clap thee on the backe.

And if thou wilt now follow my request,
At Tyborne I may chaunce clap thee on the brest,
So that of clapping, thou shalt haue store,
Here clapping behind, and at Tyborne before.
But coson Cutpurse, if ought thou do get,
I pray thee let me haue part of thy cheate.
I meane not of thy hanging fare,
But of thy purse, and riches share.
Well syrs it is time, that hence I doe pack me,
For I am afrayde, that some men doe lack me,
For some are perhaps, about some good deede,
And for lack of corage, they dare not proceede. Exeunt.

The Courtyer entreth.

Courtyer. As with the poyson, which is moste delectable,
The heart of man, is soneste infected:
So the foe moste hurteth, who seemeth most amiable,
And of all wise men, is to be detested.
At this time this saying I haue learned,
For that they which friendship, to me profeffed,
In stede therof, my bitter haue revelled.
They promised me, my friendes for to stand,
And to helpe me to that which I did crave:
Untill that I had obligated my land,
And then was I subiect to euery knaue,
Eche man then a portion would haue,
The Marchaunt for lone, the Soldier for his payne,
And the scrybe for writing, eche man had a grayne.
Nimbuba plumia imbrem parit,
A mizeling shower ingendreth great wet,
Which saying offound prouerbs not farre,
Many a little maketh a great.
So euery of them, by me brought his feare,
And euery of these bribes, being cast to account,
To a good portion I stale to amount,

But what vilany is there in such,
Who knowing a man, of their helpe to haue nede:
Will incroch vpon him, so vnreasonable much,
Their owne grady desires to sede.
Iuuenall I remember, doth teach them in dede,
Whose wordes are these, both open and playne,
The vicious man only, seeketh his own gayne:
Yea twice vicious, may they be named,
Who doe auarice so much imbrace:
But what is their aunswere, when they are blamed,
Say they, we haue here but a little space.
Therefore we haue nede to be getting a pace,
Wherefore should we gayning lay away,
The Lyde tarryeth no man, this is all they can say.

Corage entereth.

Corage. ¶ And as sone as she had supped vp the brothe,
The ladle she layd vpon his face:
Woman quoth he, why arte thou so wroth?
Knaue quoth she, get thee out of this place.
And smyteth the gentleman.

Courtyer. ¶ Why friend, arte thou not well in thy wit,
Wherefore smitest thou me in such sorte?

Corage. ¶ Jesus Gentleman, are you here yet,
I thought long or this you had bene at the Courte.
Therefore you must pardon mine offence,
For I little thought it had bene you.

Courtyer. ¶ Thy company is so good, I will get me hence,
Therefore cursed Corage adue.

Corage. ¶ And in fayth will you nedes begon,
What man you might tarry a while.

Courtyer. ¶ In thy company I haue tarryed to long,
For I perceaue thou art full of guile. Exiunt.

Corage. ¶ Farewell frost, will you nedes be gone,
Adue since that you will nedes away:
In fayth this sporte is trimly alone,

That

That I can thus, a gentleman fray.

Greedinesse and Helpe enter together.

Greedines ¶Oh Helpe, might I once see that day,
Lulh I would not care, who I did wrong.

Helpe. ¶Doubt not, you nede not that for to fray,
You shall see that day, or that it be long.

Corage. ¶What day is that, whereof you doe speake?
May not a body your councell know.

Helpe. ¶Mary syr, this day whereof we doe intreate,
Is a day of some notable show.
When the Courtyers in their bravery shalbe,
Before their Prince, some shew to make:
If such a day, Welthinesse might see,
He hopeth then, some money to take.
For without cost, they may not be brave,
And many lacke money, as he doth suppose:
Wherefore at some, a good hand he would have,
I warrant thee, by none he hopeth to lose.

Corage. ¶Tush man doubt not, such dayes there will come,
That matter thou nedest not to feare.

Greedines ¶To here of such dayes, I would ryde and run,
So glad I would be, of such dayes to heare.
Oh with these Courtyers, I lone to deale well,
Or with other yong Gentlemen, who have pounds or lands:
For whether I doe lend them, or my wares to them sell,
I am sure to win largely, at their handes.
And specially, where in nede they doe stand,
Then in fayth I doe pinch them home:
When I see they must nedes have money out of hand,
And that other shifte, to worke they have none.

Helpe. ¶Why that is the way syr, to come aloft,
Great welth thereby, I know you doe get.

Greedines ¶I warrant thee no time, I drive of,
Neyther for any mans saying, the same will I let.

Well syrs I must now leaue of this talke,
And I must bid you both twayne adue. Fayne a going out.

Corage. ¶ Softe mayster Greedinesse whether do you walke,
What syr I pray you, one word with you.

Greedines ¶ Towardes Powles Crosse, from hence I doe goe,
Perchaunce some prolite there I may meete.

Corage. ¶ To Powles Crosse, what there will you doe,
Do you the Preachers wordes so well like.

Greedines ¶ Tush for the preaching I passe not a pin,
It is not the matter wherefore I do go:
For that goeth out whereas it comes in,
But herein my meaning, to thee I will show.
You know that many thether doe come,
Wherefore perchaunce, such may be my hap:
Of my ill debtors there to spye some,
Whome without delay, by the heeles I will clap.

Helpe. ¶ Why syr, and will you arest them there?
While they at sermon preaching be.

Greedines ¶ Will I quoth you, wherefore should I feare,
It is best taking them, while I may them see.

Corage. ¶ Yea bir Lady syr, full wisely you say,
Take them while you may them get:
Or else perchaunce it wilbe many a day,
Or on them agayne your eye you shall set.

Greedines ¶ I remember what you haue sayd,
Tyde tarryeth no man, marke you that:
Wherefore no time herein shalbe delayed,
Therefore syrs adew to long I do chat. Exiunt.

Corage. ¶ Now that here is none but you and I,
I pray thee deliuer to me my part,
Dispatch and geue me it by and by:
And that I say with a willing hart,

Helpe. ¶ I know no part I haue of thine,
Therefore of me thou gettest no part.

Corage. ¶ I will make thee confesse a parte of mine,
Or else I will make thy bones to smart.

¶ When

Helpe. ¶When the residue doe thereto agree,
Then will I also geue thée a parte:
But if they no part will giue vnto thée,
If I giue thée any, beshrew my harte.

Corage. ¶Yea friend Helpe, are you at that poynt,
I will make you otherwise to say:
Or else I will beate you in euery toynt,
Now mayster Helpe, how like you this play.

And fighteth to prolong the time, while Wantonnesse maketh her ready.

Helpe. ¶What hold thy hand man, arte thou so mad,
Corage. ¶To confesse me a part, I will make thée glad.
Helpe. ¶A parte thou shalt haue, when home we doe come.
Corage. ¶Upon that condicion mine anger is done.
A syrra th inke you, to make me your knaue,
And yet all the profite your selues you would haue.

Enter wastfulnesse the husband of Wantonnesse,

Wastful. ¶What ioy is like the linked life?
What hope might hold me from my wife?
Can man his tongue so frame,
Or eke dispose me from my dame?
What doth my substaunce god to mée,
I will therefore be franke and frée.
Where couples yong do méete,
That plyaunt peece so swéete.
My ioy for to declare,
Whose bewty is so rare.
In cofers lockt to lye,
To serue my wyfe and I.

Corage. ¶Then doe you wisely, I sweare by S. Anne
Take time while time is, for time will away:
The niggard is neuer counted a man.

Therefore remember to doe as you say.

Vastful. ¶I warrant thée, what I haue sayd,
Nothing I meane shalbe delayed.
I will the same fulfill,
To ease and please my will.

Help. ¶Truely sir you doe wisely therein,
For what good of hoarding insues:
Undoubtedly I thinke it a sinne,
And beastes they are, which the same doe vse.

Vastful. ¶Vse it who list, for me he shall, I meane to hoard no store,
I meane to serue my time withall, and then I séke no more.

Wantonnesse enter.

Wanton. ¶Iesus husband what doe you meane,
To run abroade, and leaue me at home:
You are such a man, as I haue not séene,
I see well, hereafter you will leaue me alone.
That so some begin, from me to be straying,
What man, it is yet but bonny nioste.

Vastfull. ¶What woman would you haue me alwayes playing?
So may we shortly both be vndone.
As for pleasure there is a time,
So for profite there is the like:
Therefore I pray thée gentle wife mine,
Be contented that my profite I séke.

Wanton. ¶Yea but husband I say consider in your mind,
That now we are yong, and pleasaunt to play:
But age approaching, makes vs lame and blind,
And lusty corage doth then drawe away.
Then what may substaunce vs auayle,
For age no pleasure doth regard:
Therefore good swéete harte doe not quayle,
Thinke neuer that the world is hard.

Corage. ¶Undoubtedly moste true it is.
The woman herein doth truely say:

Sir haue not you heard before this,
Tyde taryeth no man, but will away.

Wastfull. ¶But better it is hardly to begin,
And after in better estate to bee:
Then fyrst to be aloste full trim,
And after to fall to lower degree.

Wanton. ¶Truely that is but a foolish toy,
At the fyrst to liue hardly and bare:
Many we see mysse that hoped ioy,
And then it prouoth, for others they spare.
Haue not many had, full sorowfull hartes,
By losing of that which they did spare:
Had they not better haue taken their partes,
Then so for others, them selues to make bare.
And what know we, if we shall liue,
To take our partes of that we strape:
Would it not then your harte greeue,
To leaue your substaunce in such rate.

Wastful. ¶Yea but sweete harte, if aught we shall haue,
When hereafter we shall aged bee:
Then had we better with vs in graue,
Then needy powerty should vs see.

Wanton. ¶Doubt you that such chaunce shall befall,
Truely you are greatly vntwyst:
We are able to keepe vs from such thrall,

Wastfull. Spend, and God will send, else the prouerbe lyes,
¶His sending woman, we dayly do se,
Is a staffe and a wallet vnto such:
Who such excessiue spenders bee,
Experience thereof we haue to much.

Wanton. ¶Well husband this talke is to dayne,
Therefore cease so sharply to speake:
For vnlesse such talke you doe refrayne,
I feare for vnkindnesse my harte will breake.
I little thought that you would thus,
Haue now restrayned me of my will:

But now right well I may discerne, She weepeth.
That you doe loue some other girl.

Wastful. ¶ Why woman doest thou thinke that I,
Haue thought all this while, as I haue sayd:
I did it onely thy mind to trye.
For pleasure in me, shall not be delayd.
While the time is, the time I will take,
What soeuer I list to say:
Of my gods no God I will make,
Therefore good wife, do thy sorrow away.

Wanton. ¶ Fayth are you such a one indeede,
By gisse you made me almost afeard:
My harte in my belly was ready to bleede,
When such folish wordes in you I heard.

Helpe. ¶ I would haue counted him greatly vnwise,
If he were so folish, as himselfe he made:
Fooles they are, which such pleasure despise,
But I knew that therein he would not wade.
And truely I am right glad to see,
That so good an agreement betweene you is:
For truely where couples doe so well agree,
It may not be chosen, but there is great blisse.
I am sorry that thus we must parte you froe,
Corage it is time for vs to departe.

Wanton. ¶ But yet my friendes before that you goe,
Of a song helpe vs to sing a parte.
By my troth husband we must needes haue a song,
Will you not helpe to further the same?

Wastful. ¶ Yes by my troth, so it be not long,
Or else you might countenance greatly to blame.

Corage. ¶ And I am content a part for to beare.

Helpe. ¶ Then be sure I will helpe in with a share.

The Song.

¶ Though

THough Wastfulnesse and wantonnesse,
Some men haue vs thus vsayed:
Yet pleasaunt nesse and pleyauntesse,
Our names we haue now framed.
For as I one is pleasaunt, to bille and to cully,
The other is pleyaunt as euer was holly.
As youth would it haue,
So will we be braue.

¶ To liue in blisse, we will not misse,
What care we for mens sayings:
What ioy is this, to spoyle and kisse,
But hurte comes in delayings.
The one is full ready to the others becking,
Betweene vs there is neither chiding, nor checking.
As youth will it haue, &c.

¶ Full braue and full fyne, we passe the time,
Take time while time is byding:
What ioy is thine, the same is mine,
My mind shall not be slyding.
Our goods are our owne, why should we spare,
Or for time to come, why should we care.
As youth would it haue. &c.

Corage. ¶ Now friendes adue for we must depart,
Wastfull. ¶ Farewell my gentle friendes withall my hart.
Wanton. ¶ Well husband now I will home repayre,
To see that your dinner dressed be. Exeunt.
Wastful. ¶ Doe so wife, and see we haue good fare,
I meane not long to tarry after thee. Pause.
Whose ioy may be compared to mine,
I haue a wife bewtifull and gay:
She is yong, pleasaunt, proper and fyne,
And pleyaunt to please me both night and day.
For whome should I pinch, for whome should I spare,

Why should I not be liberall and free,
How euer the world goe I doe not care.
I haue ynough for my wife and me,
And if my substaunce chaunce to decay:
I know my credite is not so ill,
But that I can borrow twenty pound alway.
To serue me at my pleasure and will,
For repayment thereof, no care I will take:
No matter it is if the same I may get,
While it lasteth, therewith I will merry make.
What skils it though that I come in debt.
While yong I am, youthfull I will be,
And passe my time in youthfull sorte:
For as my wife here sayd vnto me.
Age doth delight in no pleasaunt sport,
Wherefore since pleasure I doe loue:
In youth it behoues to take the same,
Nothing there from my heart shall moue.
But I thereto my heart will frame.
I feare me that I tarry to long,
My wife doe looke for me before this:
Therefore homeward I will be gone,
For there is ioy and heauenly blisse. Exiunt.

The Sergeaunt and the debtor rested entereth.

Debtor. What infidelity in him doth rest,
Who no time forbeareth to take his pray:
Most like the greedy or sauadge beast,
Who in cruelty rageth both night and day.
Might he not the space of one Sermon stay,
What care or minde gaue he to Gods word,
Who at preaching thereof did me so disturbe.
Is the Sabboth day, and Paules Crosse,
A time and place to vex thy debtor?
Or hast thou Crauinesse by me had any losse?
Nay by me thou arte a hundereth pound the better,
I speake of the least and not of the greatter.

Yet

Yet I never denyed, my debt for to pay,
Sergeant. But in deede I required a longer day.
¶ Truth for this talke is all but in vayne,
Meane you thus the time to delay?
Dispatch therefore, and please me for my payne,
And toward the Counter, let vs away.
Debtor. ¶ No haste but good, stay yet a while,
Or else take the payne with me for to walke:
About the quantity of halfe a mile,
With a friend of mine, that I might talke.
Sergeant. ¶ For a Royall I will not so farre goe,
Therefore set your heart at quyet.
Debtor, ¶ I meane to please no Sergeant so,
I am no customer for your dyet.
But since to goe, you doe not intend,
You must take paynes here to tarry with me:
Untill for a friend of mine I doe send,
Which I trust shortly my bayle will be.
Sergeant. ¶ Neyther will I with thee here remayne,
Therefore dispatch and let vs away:
Thinkest thou that I having naught for my payne,
Will eyther goe with thee, or heare for thee stay.
Debtor. ¶ And what wilt thou aske, with me here to stay?
At one word let me that understand.
Sergeant, ¶ At one word ten groates thou shalt pay,
Or else to the Counter we must out of hand.
Debtor, ¶ That will I doe with a right good will,
Rather then so much thou shalt get:
I will not so much thy minde fulfill,
If that my harte, my hand may let.
Sergeant. ¶ Why then with spede let vs away,
This deede thou wilt repent I trow.
Debtor. ¶ Well, wherefore now doe we stay,
Sergeant. I am ready hence to goe.
¶ Come on then.

They two go

Chr[illegible]

Christianity must enter with a sword, with a title of pollicy, but on the other syde of the tytle, must be written gods word, also a shield, wherin must be written riches, but on the other syde of the Shield must be Fayth.

Christian. ¶ Christianity I doe represent,
Muse not though the sword of pollicy I beare:
Neyther marueile not what is mine intent,
That this fayteable sheild of riches I weare.
Greedy great, will haue it so euery where,
Greedy great for this cause I haue named,
For that the greater parte dle gredines, which is to be
As the greater parte will, thereto must I yeld, (blamed.
Their cruell force I may not withstand:
Therefore I beare this deformed sword and sheild,
Which I may be ashamed to hold in my hand,
But the Lord deliuer me from their thraldome and band,
For if the enemy assayle me, then am I in thrall:
Because I lack such Armoure, as is taught by S. Paule,
For in steade of Gods word, and the sheild of fayth,
I am deformed with pollicy, and riches vayne:
And still I say, as the greater parte sayeth,
I am still a christian, and so shall remayne,
By Christianity say they, no domage doth suffayne:
But alas they are deceiued, their armoure is not sure,
For neyther pollicy, nor ryches, may long time indure.
Yet vpon those two, we greatly depend,
We say by pollicy, our selues we can saue,
Riches as a sheild, we say will defend,
And by riches we possesse what euer we craue,
So that for riches, we sell all that we haue.
Not onely the body, and all thinges terestriall,
But also the soule, which ought be celestiall.

Faythfull few enter.

Faythfull. ¶ Alas I lament to heare the report,
Which of vs cittizens in euery place is spread:
It is not long synce I came from the court,

Where

Where I would haue bene glad to haue hid my head,
With the spoyle of the symple, there they say were fed,
So that for the couetous greedines, which some cittizens vse,
A shamefull ill reporte to the whole ensues.
But I must nedes confesse some among vs there be,
For whose sakes the whole number beareth great blame:
They abuse themselues so, towardes euery degree,
As man without reason, and past worldy shame,
Neither regard they their awne, nor their ill name.
So they may haue the chaffy treasure of the world,
They passe not both with God and man to be abhord.
There is no time nor place, that they will forbeare,
When any of their helps hath mysse taken:
Then shall he pay treble for his money or ware,
Or else of them he is not like to spede.
They nothing regard his powerty or nede,
But who is it which ponder woth stande he goeth toward him:
Holding the Sword of Policy in his hand,
Poste certayne I am, that face I should knowe,
Syr is not your name Christianity?

Christian. ¶ Yes vndoubtedly, my name is so,
As you are faythfull few imbrace of verity.

Faythfull. ¶ And shall the Sword of Policy, by Christianity be borne,
Truely that is cleane to your nature and kinde:
Now are you decayned like a thing forlorne,
Which maketh me suspect, of me in my minde.

Christian. ¶ Oh Faythfull I trowe, of me haue no doubt,
I am Christianity, though thus deformed:
And though this world, by the great route,
Yet by God I truste, my tytle shalbe turned.

Faythfull. ¶ By the power of God I will not delay, he turneth the tytle
To turne this tytle most vntrue any sayned,
And I will in to the, and that straight way,
With such weapons, as Dauid Paules hath ordayned.

Christian. ¶ Alas in vayne I feare you haue taken,
For as you faythfull few in this world are few,

So the power is but small that you can make,
To resist the greedy great ones, who are agaynst you.

ythfull. ¶Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos,
If God be with vs, who may vs resist,
Weigh not then the number, but weigh his purpose,
Who ruleth all thinges, as himselfe doth list.
I know how Greedinesse, with the great part is vsed,
Their pilling, pouling, pinching and spoyling:
How both the simple and others, with them are abused,
They line by the fruites of other mens toyling.
But God is not dead, neyther is he a sleype,
Although for a time his hand he doth hold:
Yet doth he remember his little sheepe,
And will reuenge the wrong done to his folde.

Corage and Greedines enter as though they saw not Christianity.

¶Let them say what they will, doe thou as I told the,
prage. Trust thou not to any knaue of them all:
Not a Preacher of them all, in the neede will vphold the,
Try them who will, their deuotion is small.
¶Thou wilt not beleeue how the knaue did prate,
reedines Ye cittizens repent, thus he did crye,
Loke about in time quoth he, or it be to late,
For the vengeaunce of God at hand is full nye,
As though he knew what were in Gods minde,
Surely it is a shame, they are so suffred to lye.
orage. ¶But in my talke great profyte thou dost fynde,
They are all lyers as their talke doth trye,
By my doctrine thou hast great profyte and gayne,
Great riches and substaunce, therby thou doest win:
We instruct thee dayly I take great payne,
Which way thou shalt thy riches bring in.
¶Thou doest so in deede, and thankes I the giue,
reedines But syrra, now I remember a thinge,
Which made me not long sence, to laugh in my sleeue,
To me a yong Gentleman the Pryest did bring,

Whose Father was dead of late as it seemed,
And his landes in Morgage to a Marchaunt was layde,
Wherefore it behoued the same were redemed,
For the day was at hand, when the same should be payde,
And I perceauing his minde to be such,
I thought I would pinch him or that I went,
To giue mine owne asking, he nothing greatly grudged,
And when I had girded him, then I him sent.

Faythfull. ¶ More shame for thee, and such as thou art,
That with like thou arte permitted, it is great pitty,
Thou arte a Christyan with a cankered heart,
And the cause of reproch to a whole citty.
Christianity by thee is greatly abused,
Of his righteous Armour, thou doest him perswade,
And in stead thereof, by him to be vsed,
The Armour of Sathan, with him thou doste leade.

Greedines ¶ Why would you not haue me, how to inuent,
Which way were best to bring in my gayne?

Faythfull. ¶ But not in such sort, to set them in peril,
That all the world of them should complayne.

Greedines ¶ I crye you mercy, I know where you are now,
In a Courtyers behalf, this oration you make,
Of late there was one, complayned how,
Excessiue gayne of him I did take.
It is the cast of them all so to say,
When prodigally their money is spent:
Or if the Prince will them not pay,
Then on the Marchaunt, some lyes they inuent.

Faythfull. ¶ Arte thou not ashamed of thy Prince to speake ill?
Thine owne abused doing to excuse:
No marueyle though the citty haue all mens ill will,
When both in word and deede, thy selfe thou doest misuse.
Sed Reginum est male audire cum bene fecerint,
Antisthenes doth truely this saying refute,
It is geuen to Princes (sayeth he) though they be benefycke,
To be euell spoken of which is agaynst all right.

reedines ¶ Syr you are well say no more, then you are able to proue,
Least I make you to repent your boldnesse,
For if my patience you to much do haue,
I may chaunce turne your heart into a coldnesse.
Why I lende my money like a friend for good will,
And thereby doe helpe men at their nede.

aythfull. ¶ A friend thou arte in deede, though a friend but ill,
Pithagoras thy friendship, hath plainely decrede,
There be many sayth he, who no friendes do lacke,
And yet of friendship they haue but skant,
So thou arte a friend for their moneys sake,
And yet thy friendship they alwayes shall want.

hristian. ¶ Assuredly thou highly offendest,
For that so double in dealing thou arte:
Aristotle sayeth, by the same thou pretendest,
And not so to beare a dissembling harte.
A Christian ought not vnto riches to yelde,
For it is a thing but vnstable and vayne,
Riches is no perpetuall moueable,
But the shield of Fayth shall euer remayne.
Take therefore fayth, and Gods word for thy sworde,
And arme Christianly in this wise.

reedines ¶ Shall pollicy and riches then be abhord,
Syr they are soles that them will despise.
I put case pouerty should me assayle,
Can Gods word and fayth me any thing ayde:
Pouerty agaynst riches can neuer anayle,
I am sure syr this may not be denayde.

Faythfull. ¶ We deny not, but in this world, riches beare the sway,
Yet, it not riches to be called sure:
For in Gods power it is to make riches decay,
Whereas Gods word and fayth shall euer endure.

Greedines ¶ But geue me riches, take you Gods word and fayth,
And see which of vs shall haue the better gayne.

Christian. ¶ Now Faythfull sewe, you here what he sayth,
Therefore to turne the tytles I must be fayne,

Well

Faythfull. ¶Well since it will no better be,
To God let vs the cause betake:
Whome I trust, when as time he doth se,
He will for vs, a deliueraunce make.

Corage. ¶Come Mayster Worldlynesse, let vs away,
What should we here any longer doe?

Greedines ¶In deede I hold it best as you say,
Therefore your saying I agree vnto.

Faythfull. ¶Sorry I am, to see his state,
Now neare he is, to the Fountayne of perdition:
God graunt him repentaunce, or it be late,
That of his sinnes he may haue remission.

Christian. ¶But alas, he goeth the contrary way,
For of his couetousnesse, he taketh no rule:
And Aristotle I remember doth say,
The couetous man cannot learne the truth:
Wherefore he cannot, or will not know,
The way to retayne the Christianity:
Therefore from this place now I will goe,
To pray vnto God, to shew him the verity.
Now Faythfull to you adue vnto this,
I will pray vnto God for the comfort and ayde:
I beseech thee make like intercession for me,
And that my reformation be not long delayde. Exeunt.

Faythfull. ¶Doubt not therof good Christianity,
My indeuour herein shall not be delayde:
Alas what is man not knowing the verity,
No man, but a beast he may be sayde.
Yet many there are, which in the world doth line,
Who for Christians will nedes accounpted be:
Though to all abhominations, their selues they doe gine,
And from no kind of vice be cleare or free.
Couetousnesse is accounpted no sinne,
Vsury is a science and art:
All wayes are good, whereby we may win,
Although it be to our neighbours smart.

Whereby it appeareth, from loue we are free,
The wordes of the wise, we nothing regarde:
For without loue, no vertue can perfect bee,
As Plato the wyse, hath playnly declarde.
No good thing without loue, it is possible to doe,
Seneca of that opinyon hath beene:
Then how many good thinges, do they now thinke you,
In whome no loue at all there is seene?
They watch their times, the simple to snare,
No time they forbeare, their pleasures to worke:
God graunt we therefore of them may beware,
For priuily to snare vs, they dayly vse lurke.

Enter Wastfulnelle poorely.

astful. ¶Oh more then wretch, which so lothsomly hathe spent,
Not onely thine own goods, but also other mens:
What accoumpt shall I make, for the goods to me lent,
Which neuer I am able for to recompence.
How wastfully haue I, with wantonnesse my wife,
Consumed our goods, substaunce and treasure,
That would to God I were out of my life,
For the remembraunce therof, is greate without measure.
My wyfe and I both, are alunder dispersed,
Ech of vs, to seeke our liuing alone:
Alas our loue may not be rehearsed,
Unto whome now should we make our mone.
In taking the time, to toward we weare,
We were afeard to long to abide:
Corages councell in mind we did beare,
He sayd that for no man would tarry the tyde.
But well away now, which way shall I run,
I know it is folly vnto God to call:
For God I know my petition will shun,
And into perdition I am now like to fall.
Dispayre, dispayre.

Dispayre enter in some ougly shape, and stand behind him.

Why

Why should I dispayre, since God doth behold,
The sinner with mercy as the Scripture doth say.

Dispaire. ¶ But thy prodigall sinnes are so manifold,
That God of mercy, doth thee vtterly denay.
Therefore to ende thy life it is best,
Thy calling for mercy, is all but in vayne:
By ending thy life, thou shalt be at rest,
But if longer thou liue, great shall be thy payne.

Wastfull. ¶ Well then will I seke some place where I may,
Finish my life with Corde, or with knyfe:
The dispatch thereof, I will not delay,
Farewell now all the world, but chefely my wife. sayne a

Faythfull few plucketh him agayne. (going out.

Faythfull. ¶ Softe stay a whyle, and be not so rash,
Thinkest thou God vnmercifull to be:
Wilt thou trust dispayre, euen at the fyrst bash,
Hast thou no fayth in Gods mercy so free,
Call vpon god with repentaunce and fayth,
By such wayes and meanes as I will instruct thee.

Wastfull. ¶ I beleue God is mercifull, as the Scripture sayeth.

They both kneele, and Wastfull sayeth after Faythfull,

Faythfull. ¶ Well follow me, and I will conduct thee.
Oh heauenly Father pardon my offence.

Wastfull. ¶ Oh heauenly father, pardon mine offence.

Faythfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre.

Wastfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre,

Faythfull. ¶ Also O Father banish thou hence,

Wastfull. ¶ Also O Father banish thou hence.

Faythfull. ¶ That wicked Monster of Dispayre,

Wastfull. ¶ That wicked Monster of Dispayre.

Dispayre flyeth, and they arise.

Faythfull. ¶ How feelest thou now, thy conscience and mynde,
Hopest thou not, of gods mercy and grace?

Wastfull. ¶ Well God be praysed that here I thee finde,
How happy was I to approch this place.
Dispayre is now fled, I perfectly knowe

And in Gods mercy I thereby doe trust,
Therefore O Lord deliuer me from thrall:
And pardon me a sinner, most vile and vniust.

Youthfull. ¶ That is very well sayd, if so thou doe thinke,
And now frame thy selfe, thy life to amend,
Let displayre no more in to thy mind sincke:
But to be a new man, doe thou now pretend.
And as hertofore thy mind for to please,
Thou hast learned the Tyde will tarry no man,
So now it behoueth for thy greater ease,
That saying, after Gods will for to scan.
Take time while time is, this I doe meane,
Amend thy life whilst here thou hast space:
To Gods mercifull promises se that thou leane,
So shalt thou enioy the Tide of his grace.

Faithfull. ¶ To follow your councell, I will doe my indeuour,
I will seeke the same in all poynts to performe:
The effect of your words I will forget neuer,
And now I will hence, my time to reforme.
That she and I, in manner now,
May amend our lines, to Gods glory and prayse:
Wherefore god speed vnto you adue,
I beseech the Lord to send thee good dayes. Exiunt.

Youthfull. ¶ See how the time takers their time doth repent,
Who no time will spare to pleasing their will:
And although thy beginning haue a pleasaunt sente,
Yet of the ending, the taste is as ill.
For who euer it be that without measure,
Doth consume his substaunce in prodigall sorte:
Although he had aboundaunce of treasure,
Yet will he be a begger, and that in time shorte.
I marueile where Authority is,
Who should see a helpe for the simple oppressed:
Many thinges there are greatly amisse,
Which by his meanes must needes be redressed.
His absence greatly disquieteth my minde,

I will not cease seeking, vntill him I do finde. Exiunt.

Enter Corage weeping.

Corage. ¶ Out alas this tydinges are ill,
My friend mayster Credinelle, hath ended his dayes.
Dispayre vpon him hath wrought his will,
And desperately now he is gone his wayes.
As one enraged and out of his wit,
No remembraunce of God he would haue:
Alas poore man he had a great fit,
Before that well he was layde in his graue.
Why but is Credines dead in good sadnesse, reasoning with himselfe.
My thinkes these newes are not true which you tell:
Yes truely he dyed in a great madnesse,
And went with the Dyde boate straight into hell.
Why fole, Credinelle will neuer dye,
So long as couetous people do liue:
Then you belike doe thinke that I doe lye,
I am as honest a man as any in your shire.
I am sure he is dead, for me in his likenesse,
For when he was buryed I made by
And some sayd he dyed of the new sickenesse,
Therefore syr thinke not that I doe lye.
For I am as sorry for the death of the man,
As any man that liueth this day:
Wherefore I must needes weepe if I can.
But husht some body is comming this way.

Enter Authority and Faythfull few.

Faythfull. ¶ Surely Authority the same is euen he,
I warrant you syr, you neede not to doubt.

Authori. ¶ Then wyll we handle him kindly thou shalt see,
Therefore see that from vs hee escape not out.

Corage. ¶ God saue your honour, and prosper your estate,
I am glad to see you approch this place:
Those which say ill of you, I vtterly doe hate,
I auns were for your honour in euery case.

Autho. ¶ Ah crafty easyle, why dissemblest thou so?

Doest thou thinke that vs thou mayest so blind,
Thy contagious doinges we right well do know,
And eake thy property, nature and kind.
Thou arte an enbrager to all kindes of vice,
The Aged to auarice, and greedy desyre,
The yonger sorte lack none of thine aduice,
To all such acts as the Deuill doth require.

Corage. ¶ Loe Syr, I thought you did me mistake,
I know right well, the man whome you meane,
To fetch him heather, good speede I will make,
I warrant you, I wil shortly be here agayn. Fayne to go out

Faythfull. ¶ Nay softe he is here, whome that we would haue,
Therefore you neede not him for to fetch.

Corage. ¶ Yes I will fetch him, for he is a very knaue, (out.
And almes it is, that a rope he should stretch. Still fayn to go

Authori. ¶ Upon thy selfe, iust iudgement thou doest giue,
Iuuenall sayeth, Cities are well gouerned,
Whereas such rebelles are now suffered to liue,
But after their deserts are iustly punished.

Corage. ¶ They which are Rebelles, it behoueth in deede,
That they be corrected and punished so,
For they doe much harme in euery steede,
But I am none such, I would you should know.

Authori. ¶ Thou shalt know what thou art, or hence we depart,
Faythfull kew vpon him thy holde.

Corage. ¶ By gis sir, then I will cause him to smart,
Therefore to touch me, be not so bold.

Faythfull ¶ Syr see where commeth Correction also.

Correction enter.

Autho. ¶ Draw neare Correction and thine office doe,
Take here this captife vnto the Jayle.

Correcti. ¶ Syr to doe your commaundement I will not fayle,
Come on Syrra and let vs away.

Corage. ¶ Nay softe a while your wisedome stay,
Hold me when you haue me, but you haue me not yet,
And perchaunce ere you haue me, your nose I will slit.

¶ Thinke it

Correcti. ¶ Thinkest thou with bragges to make me afeard,
And begynneth to lay handes on him.

Corage. ¶ You are best stand further, least I shame your beard.
They strive, he draweth his dagger and byteth him.

Correcti. ¶ In fayth sir, now I wil gene you the checke, & catcheth him by the

Corage. ¶ Oh gods passyon, wilt thou breake my neck?
Is there no man here that hath a rapyer,
If he will in my stead, he shall end his life.

Correcti. ¶ Lush let vs hence, thy talke is in vayne.

Corage. Withens there is no remedy, best is a short payne.

Faythfull ¶ When all malefactors are duely thus punished,
According to the good and godly lawes,
Then shall Christianity truly be burnished,
And to prayse God, we shall have cause.

Autho. ¶ O Faythfull few, doubt not but as we,
Are able Christianities estate to reforme:
So his reformation in short time thou shalt se,
For we for his estate doe lamentably mourne.
Of our selues we are not able [illegible]
But by the force of Gods power, which to vs is trust:
Wherefore Faythfull few, haue thou no doubting,
But we thereunto doe gladly consent.
For to Socrates saying, [illegible]
Who sayeth a citty is not to be prayse[illegible]
For the greatnesse of buildings, [illegible]
But for the good inhabitauntes, which therein are placed.
So we accoumpt those countreyes but ill,
Which vicious persons doth maintayne and norish,
Although they haue all thinges at their will,
And although in treasure they abound plenteously.

Faythfull ¶ Oh noble Authority, by this your occasion,
Great tranquillity to be shall befall:
We shall be ioy to ech godly nation,
When Christianity is deliuered from thrall,
For better it were vnchristened to be,

Then our Christianity for to abuse
The Jewish Infidell to God doth more agree
Then such as Christianity do so misuse
But se ponder where he doth appeare
Wherein abused Christes doctrine so greatly oppresse
Christianity entreth in at the fyre

¶O Christianity vnto vnkynde mens
That we thy abused estate may redresse.
And as freely as this power vnto vs is lent,
Here we now by hym out the same
To the faythfull folke do hym restitute
That thou Christianitie estate shalt haue
In such good forme, fashion, and shape
As the same shall not be turned agayne
But shall continue in a Godly rate
From henceforth euermore to remayne.

¶God graunt this blessed thing be kept,
As all Christians ought for to desire
And for my part I will not be left
But my duty shall be dayly for to do.

¶Now God be thanked of his mercy agayne,
Hath restored me to my former estate
And hath extinguished the enemies all power
God graunt that now this good order may take place
And God graunt that all Christian may be lucky in case
In such sort as Christ will allow
So shall they be sure of a resting place
In Heauen where God graunt vs all to be.

Then our Christianity for to abuse:
The Jewish Infidell to God doth more agree,
Then such as Christianity do to misuse.
But se ponder where he doth appeare,
Whome abused armour doth greatly oppresse.

Christianity enter in as at the fyrth.

hour. ¶O Christianity vnto vs draw neare,
That we thy abused estate may redresse.
And as frely as this power vnto vs is lent,
Here we now by force of the same:
To thee faythfull fere do here rendicent,
That thou Christianities estate shalt frame.
In such good forme, fashion, and shape,
As the same shall not be turned agayne:
But shall continue in a Godly rate,
From henceforth euermore to remayne.

dfull. ¶God graunt that that may be kept,
As all Christians it may become:
And for my part it shall not be slept,
But my duty shall straight way be done. he turneth the tytle.

ristian. ¶Now God be praysed hym thus agayne,
Hath restored me to my former estate:
And hath extinguished from me all payne,
God graunt that now Jes not found vngrate.
And God graunt that all Christians may me duly imbrase,
In such vnyte as Gods will it is:
So shall they be sure of a resting place,
In Heauen where raigneth all ioy and blisse.

FINIS.

THE
Tyde taryeth no Man.

A MOSTE PLEASant and merry commody, right pythie and full of delight.

Compiled by George Wapull.

¶ Fowre persons may easily play it.

1. The Prologue, Hurtfull help, the Tenannt, Faithfull fewe for one.
2. Paynted praysyte, No good Neighbourhod, the Courtyer, Maskefulnesse, Christianitye, Correction for another.
3. Corage the Vice, Debtor, for another.
4. Fayned furtheraunce, Ordinesse the Marchaunt, Wantonnesse the Woman, the Seruaunt, Authority and Dispayre, for another.

¶ *Imprinted at London, in Fleete-*
streate, beneath the Conduite, at the
Signe of Saynt Iohn Euaungelist,
by Hugh Iackson.
1576.

The Prologue.

¶ As the worme which in the timber is bred,
The selfe same timber doth consume and eate:
And as the moth which is commonly fed,
In the cloth with her bred, and the same doth frete:
So many persons are a damage great,
To their own countrey, which hath them relieued,
And by them their owne countrey oft times is greued.

¶ So many cities and townes are defamed,
By reason that some inhabitauntes is ill:
So that for vices sake, the whole towne is blamed,
Although the residue fo good doo their will.
Yet the fact of this one, the others good name doth spill,
And thus a reproch to his owne towne ingendreth,
And the good name of the whole town he hindereth.

¶ To what ende these wordes we haue spoken,
In our matter that we more playnely expresse,
Which the Mire tarieth no man, to name hath token,
For that it is moste agreeable and best.
Because that no man from his pleasure will rest,
But eche man doth take the time of his gayne,
Although the same be to others great payne.

¶ For so greedy is the person auaricious,
Whome Saint Austen doth well liken to hell,
For that they both are so much insacious,
That neyther of them knew when they are well.
And Ambrosius doth verify and tell,
How that couetous persons do lack that they haue,
And therefore not satisfyed till they are in graue.

¶ But where such people are, small loue there doth rest,
But greedy desyre supplieth the place:
The symple ones commonly, by such are oppressed,
For they nothing way, any nedy mans case.

But with greedy grype, their gayne they imbrace,
No kind of degree that they will forbeare,
Neyther any time they will let slip or spare.

¶ And although that here a Courtyer is named,
Yet thereby is not ment the Courtyer alone:
But all kindes of persons, who their suites haue framed,
Or to any such greedy guittes, haue made their mone.
Being driuen to their shiftes, to haue ought by lone,
How greedinesse at such times, doth get what he can,
And therefore still cryeth, Tyde tarieth no man.

¶ Which prouerbe right well might be applyed,
To a better sence then it is vsed;
There is time to aske grace, this may not be denyed,
Of thy sinfull life so greatly abused.
Let not that time then be refused,
For that tyde most certayne will tarry no man,
Thus taking the prouerbe, we rightly do scan.

¶ Thus worshipfull Audyence, our Authour desyreth,
That this his acte you will not deprayue:
But if any fault be, he humbly requireth,
That due intelligence thereof he may haue,
Committing himselfe to your discretions graue,
And thus his Prologue he rudely doth end,
For at hand to approche, the Players intend.

Finis.

Courage the Vice entreth.

TO the Barge to,
Come they that will go,
Why ſtay I ſay when:
It is high tyde,
We may not abide,
Tide tarryeth no man.
If ye will not go,
Why then tell me ſo,
Or elſe come away ſtraight:
If you come not ſoone,
You ſhall haue no roome,
For we haue almoſt our freyght.
There are Vices a great,
Who their prayers doe beat,
In deuiſing of guyles:
Falſe dealers alſo,
A thouſand and mo,
Which know ſleyghtes of wyles.
Crafty cutpurſes,
Paydens wytchcrafts,
Wiues of the ſtampe:
Who loue me then one,
For lying alone,
Is yll for the crampe.
Huſbandes as good,
As wigges made of wood:
We haue there alſo,
With ſeruauntes ſo ſure,
As packthred moſt pure,
Which men away thro.
There are ſuch a ſight,
I cannot reſite,
The halfe that we haue:
And I of this Barge,
Haue the greateſt charge,
Their lines for to ſaue.
Courage contagious,
Or courage contrarious,
That is my name:
To which that I will,
My mind to fulfill,
My maners I frame.
Courage contagious,
When I am outragious,
In working of yll:
And Courage contrary,
When that I doe vary,
To compaſſe my will.
For as in the Bee,
For certayne we ſee,
Sweete honey and ſting:
So I in my mind,
Who better to blind,
Two courages bring.
And as with the ſowre,
Eche day and howre,
The Phiſition inuenteth:
To mingle as meete,
Something that is ſweete,
Which his patient contenteth.
Euen ſo ſome while,
To colloure my guile,
Do geue courage to gode:
For I by that meane,
Will conuey very cleane,
And not be vnderſtode.
Now for to ſhowe,
Whether we do goe,
Will doe very well,
We meane to prouyde,
And therefore we ſayle,
To the Diuell of hell.

And though it be fare,
Yet welcome we are,
When thether we come:
No cheke there is,
Wherof we shall misse,
But be sure of some.
I Corage do tell,
Both great and small,
To the Bridge of sinne:
Wherein they doe wallow,
Yell hall doe them swallow,
That is all they do win.
When come ye away,
Thus still I doe say,
As lowde as I can:

Take time while time is,
Lest that you doe misse,
Tyde tarryeth no man.
With catching and snatching
Making and watching,
Running and tryding:
Let no time escape,
That for you doth make,
For Tyde hath no bydding.
But ebbing and flowing,
Comming and going,
It neuer doth rest:
Therfore when you may,
Make no delay,
For that is the best.

¶ Hurting helpe, Payntedprohte, Fayned furtherance,

Helpe. ¶ By the masse syrs se where he is.
Profyte. ¶ I tould the that heare we should him not misse.
Helpe. ¶ Good master Corage, most hartely god euen. Salute corage
Corage. ¶ In fayth my frendes welcome, all thre by fayne Steuen.
Jesus god Lord how doe ye fare?
Couer your heads, why are you bare?
And how syrs, now syrs, leade you your liues,
Which of all you thre, now the best thriues?
Helpe. ¶ Truth man none of vs can doe amisse,
For we doe allwayes take time while time is.
And where euer we goe like counsayle we giue,
Telling all men that here they shall not still liue.
Corage. ¶ Therein hurtefull helpe, thou dost very well,
The Tyde tarryeth no man, thou must allwayes tell.
Helpe. ¶ Indede hurtefull Helpe, that is my name,
But I would not that all men should know the same.
For I am a broker the truth is so,
Wherefore if men in me hurtfulnesse should know,
There are few or none that with me would deale,
Therefore this word hurtfull I neuer reueale.

My name I say, playne Helpe to be,
Wherefore eche man for helpe doth come vnto me.
God mayster Helpe, helpe to that or this,
And of good reward you shall not misse.

Profite. ¶ And as thou from Helpe, hartfull doste throw,
So paynted, from Profyte, I may be sayde,
For if any man lyue to me, for profyte but payne tho,
Yea will but little with me be acquayntyd.
My mayster who a good gentleman is,
Thinketh me as profitable as he can wish.
So that playne Profite, he thinketh my name,
And before his face, my dedes she in the same.

Further. ¶ Farewell my maysters for I may longer tarie,
For I se you two will haue all the talke.

Fayne a going out.

Corage. ¶ What fayned Furtherances are you so coy,
Will you neuer leaue the tricks of a boy,
Come agayne I say, least I doe you fet,
And say what thou wilt, here shall no man let.

Further. ¶ Fet me?
Corage. ¶ Yea fet thee.
Further. ¶ Marry doe what thou dare.
Corage. ¶ That will I not spare. Out quickly with his dagger.
Helpe. ¶ God syr hold your hands, and beare with his rudenesse,
Corage. ¶ Nay I cannot nay will not suffer his Lewdenesse.
Further. ¶ Tush a figge for him, let him doe what he can.
Corage. ¶ Alas syr who are you, but a Barrhaunters man,
God syr what you are, we know right well,
Who is your mayster, and where you doo dwell,
You professe that your mayster you doe greatly further,
And yet for his goodes, you would him gladly murther.

Further. ¶ If so I doe wish, it is long of thee,
For thou therevnto hadst encouraged me.

Profyte. ¶ What hoght I say, no more of these wordes,
For appeaching oft, the appeacher disturbes.

Be

We frendes agayne as you were before,
Let eche man fyght the best he can and trust the better.
Further. ¶ I say my part doe ther what they can,
Corage. ¶ Then geue me thy hand if thou be content,
Now are we frendes, what first we were,
Further. Therefore straight lyke stoute men let us bee,
¶ Cruelty I say and to the end as we be wonte,
For in mine opinion that is the best,
And as hurting helps, hurt hitting for ye best,
And paynted policyes, is profyte alwaie,
So I sayned furtherance, hencefoorth doe minde,
To be further out of all, leauing sayned behinde:
Other meanes for the tymes to lyke I will say,
Yet will I lyke wilfe stande as much as I may.
Corage. ¶ Else were thou vnwise, yea and a very fole,
Thou learnedst none otherwise, I trow in my schole.
I am a schoolemayster for you thee most fytte,
Who indued you with corage, wit and of great wytte,
Helpe. ¶ To be our mayster will thou take in hand,
Why we are as good as they, thou shalt vnderstand.
Corage, ¶ Alas poore knaues, what could you three doe,
If you haue not corage belonging thereto.
Helpe. ¶ And what can corage doe without helpe,
As much as a kitling or sucking whelpe,
Corage. ¶ And by hurtfull helpe, what am I the better,
Being halfe to a fryst, I haue great getter.
Helpe. ¶ It is folly with ther thus to contende,
We are as good as thou, and so I doe ende.
Corage. ¶ Since that by woordes I can no maystry haue,
I would proue what my weapon will doe by my knaue.
Profite. ¶ Why are they blinde, we will them not se,
What against thy strong, mistake here thee.
Corage. ¶ And what can three doe against one,
I hauing corage, and they hauing none,
Therefore courage with cleare voice as you goe hence,
Now defend your selues valiantly your fence.

¶ What

Helpe. ¶ What Corage I say thy hand now stay.
Corage. ¶ Will you then consent to that which I say.
Helpe. ¶ There is no remedy but we must consent,
Sometimes it is good a states minde to content:
Therefore I am content to be thine inferiour,
And I will from henceforth take thee for superiour.
Corage. ¶ And so will the residue I trow also.
Profyte. ¶ If you say I sye, we will not say no.
Corage. ¶ Well sirs, then I will shewe you my minde,
But first I will discribe you, each one in his kinde.
Thou helpe arte a broker, betweene man and man.
Wherby by much deceyte thou diest now and than,
Profite is one, who by seruice in sight,
Doth cause his mayster to thinke him most right.
A profytable seruaunte, he thinketh him to be,
Because he is profytable, while he doth him se.
And fayned Furtheraunce, doth fayne him to further,
His mayster and others, whome fayne he would murther.
Thus in seking welth you all doe agree,
And yet you professe others friendes for to be.
Profite. ¶ Ne quisque sapit, qui sibi non sapit,
This saying I rede, when as I went to schole,
One not wise for himselfe, is but a very fole.
Helpe. ¶ By my troth, and of that opinyon am I,
And in that opinyon I will ever for to dye.
Further. ¶ Tush why spend you tyme in speaking of that,
While thereon you talke, in vayne is your chat.
For who helpes not himselfe, before any other,
I compt him a fole, who were my brother.
And as I count him, all people doe so,
Therefore cease this talke, and hence let us go.
For some of vs may chaunce to daryte with a chiding,
Because that so long from home we are biding.
Profyte. ¶ By S. Anne I thinke thereto thou say well,
For I know thereof I am like to here tell.
Corage. ¶ Why man a little while breaketh no square.

Helpe. ¶ Tush helpe hath crosse, to colour that fare.
Further. ¶ Yea but alas we be now towne vnder long.
Helpe. ¶ Why then ye twayne shall goe without vs all.
Further. ¶ Nay I will tarry to sing, though thereof I should dye.
Profite. ¶ Why helpe to singing, I did neuer learne.
Corage. ¶ Why then sirs bouse at it corageously.

The Song.

FYrst Corage causeth mindes of men,
to wish for good or ill:
And some by Corage now and then,
at Tiborne make their will.
Helpe, Profite, and Furtherance do learne,
Where Corage doth catch in any mans braine.

¶ Then helpe in hope to haue his pray,
full secretly doth wayte:
And as the time doth serue alway,
he throweth forth his bayte.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ Profite prolongeth not the time,
to please his paynted mind:
He passeth not though mayst go pyne,
so he his pleasure find.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ And Furtherance, thou last of all,
he came into the rowte:
He waveth not his maysters thrall,
nor seekes to helpe him out.
Helpe, Profite, &c.

Finis.

Pro. Fur. ¶ Now Corage farewell for we must be gone.
Helpe. ¶ Nay sirs you two shall not go alone,

For

For I doe meane to haue seuen companyes of
And so shall we be euen a
Therefore Corage adue,
Corage. ¶ Syr here was a trinitie was intrusted,
A man might haue thought a deuine trinitie by their liuerie.
A trinity much like to the trinity of late,
Where good wife Quill
In came her maydo make by the mothes ers
With his male shew, in vild the state of a founder.
But in fyne, these three began to agree,
And knit them selues vp in one trinity.
And after they loued like brother and brethren,
For very loue, they did kill one another.
And then they were buried, I doe well remember,
In Stawtons Stratone hay, by stile from December.
Where they had not tyme the space of a day,
But fower of those three, were neuer run away.
The Constable came, with a hacke on his bill,
And because they were gone, he did them kill
Corage so cleft their Cushions a sunder,
To see how they bled, it made me to wonder.
I my selfe was smitten twise to the groūd,
I was very sore hurt, but I had no a wound.
I buskled my selfe as though I fight I would,
And take pig or my heeles as fast as I could.
And so with much paine at last I did come,
Greedines But hush syrs I say, no more words but mum,
enter. ¶ Vshe talke not of that, for in vayne you doe prate,
Corage. For there are none but sole & that well thinges doo hate,
¶ What Ordinelle I say, what is the matter,
Mayster welthinelle I would say, wherein does you clatter
Greedines ¶ What old friend Corage, are thou so there came,
Marry I will shew thee, how the matter doth stand.
As I walked along, through by the streete,
By such wayes as many slauery vsed to,
It was my chaunce with a preacher to meete,

Whose company to haue I did not deny,
And as we two together did walke,
Amongest other communication we had,
The Preacher brake out with reprocheable talke:
Saying that we cittizens were all to bad,
Some of vs he sayeth are greedy gaites all:
And euell members of a common welth,
He sayeth we care not whome we bying so thrall,
Neyther haue we regard vnto our soules health,
His talke I confesse my conscience did nip,
Wherefore no longer I would him abide,
But sodenly I gaue him the slip,
And crossed the way to the other syde.
So alone I let mayster Preacher walke,
And here by chaunce I stombled in.

Borage. And arte thou so foolish for any such tallie,
To cease or stay thy welth for to win.

Greedines Serra, he cried out of excessiue gayne,
Saying when any of our wares haue nede,
When doe we hoyst them vp to their payne,
And commonly make them pay for their spede.

Borage. I perceiue that fellow was hote of the spirite,
He would not haue you take time while time is,
If ye follow his councell, he will begger you quite,
But what aunswere diddest thou geue him to this?

Greedines Why thou knowest my quallity is such,
That by contrary talke, I vse no man to blame,
For although often my doinges they touch,
Yet my talke alwayes to the tyme I frame.
When he sayd excessiue gayners were ill,
I sayd for them it was a shame,
And in all thinges else, I pleased his will:
And so I sayned my selfe without blame.

Borage. Thou dost wisely therein, I commend the therefore,
For what euer thou thinke, yet say as they doe,
So shalte thou haue their fauoures euermore,

And

And that way no blame thou shalt come vnto.

Greedines ¶ Yea but truely his wordes did my conscience prick.
Mine hearte to vnhappely gesse,
I promise thee he touched me vnto the quick,
For that in gayning I vsed excesse.
My conscience doth tell me, I haue done amisse,
And of long time I haue gone astray,
And a thousand witnesses the conscience is,
As Salust in moste playne wordes doth say.

Corage. ¶ Why doltish patch, arte thou so vnwise,
To quayle for the saying of such a knaue,
Thou knowest all the world to will thee despyte,
And a begging thou mayst goe, if that naught thou haue.
And how shalt thou haue ought,
If thy gayne be not great?
Consider this well in thy minde,
Remember thy house, and thy wife that prate,
Must still be kept in their costly kinde:
Therefore take the time, while the time doth serue,
Tyde taryeth no man, this thou dosse know,
If thy goods decay, then mayst thou sterue,
So doing thou sekest thine own ouerthrow.

Greedines ¶ In deede as thou sayest, it doth me behoue,
Not so rashly to lay my gayning aside,
Least so my selfe a fole I doe prowe,
By shoting from my profyte so wyde:
I consider my welth is now at good stay,
Which I would be loth should be impared,
For once rich, and after in decay,
Is a miserable thing, as Hyemes hath declared.
Therefore I meane thy councell to take,
Least of that misery I know the smart,
Then is it to late any more to make,
Or from such folishnesse to reuart.
Therefore Corage adew vnto thee,
For it behoueth me hence to departe.

Exiens.

Corage. ¶ Adew Welthinesse till agayne we se,
Adew great greedinesse wyth all my dart,
Hath nat Corage contagious holy herbe his kinde,
By encouraging Greedinesse wyth euill:
Which late was desiring to a better minde,
And now agayne doth follow the Deuill.

Enter Helpe and no good Neighbourhood.

Helpe. ¶ Loe thar Neighbourhood, where Corage doth stand.
Corage. ¶ What ne good Neighbourhood, geue me thy hand,
Neighbor. ¶ Those two fyrst syllables, might be put out,
And then thou hittest my name without doubt.
Corage. ¶ Why is not no good Neighbourhood thy name?
Neighbor. ¶ Put away no good, and se how it will frame.
For if thou doe put away no good,
There resteth no more but neighbourhood.
Corage. ¶ Then is it neighbourhood, neither good nor bad,
Nay though we leaue the fyrst, it is good the next we had.
For leauing out no, put good to the rest,
Then is the good neighbourhood, thus I thinke is best.
Neighbor. ¶ Nay I will haue them both two left out,
Because of my name men should stand in doubt:
For if no good neighbourhood I be named,
Then of all men I shall be disdained.
And if that good, to neighbourhood I haue,
Men will say I doe it prayse to craue.
So I will leaue out both no nor good,
And will be indifferent sele Neighbourhood.
Corage. ¶ Then Neighbourhood hert, if so it shall be,
And neighbourhood, what is thine errand to me?
Neighbor. ¶ For my comming, is for certaines two,
The fyrst is for your counsell, what were best to doe,
In a matter which I haue lately begon,
If I shall procede, or else leaue it vndone.
The second is, if I shall procede,

That

That you will bend my friend & I hope.
Corage. ¶ All to [illegible] without doubt,
Therefore shewe the matter thou wouldst them.
Neighbour. ¶ I thinke you my friend with all my harte,
And Gerard also that helpe will bee his parte.
Helpe. ¶ Doubt not but that I to thee will be cleauing,
Therefore proceede and shewe thy meaning.
Neighbor. ¶ Then sir this is the matter, if it shall please you giue eare,
I haue a neighbour who dwelleth me fore by neare,
Who hath a Tenement, commodyous and seate,
To which Tenement I beare a loue very greate.
This man my neighbour as far as I can learne,
Hath in his Tenement but a short learne,
Fower or fyue yeares or there about,
Which learne you know, will soone be worne out.
Now sir might I in reuersion, a lease thereof haue,
I would giue the Landlord, euen what he would craue.
Corage. ¶ And who is the Landlord, thereof can you tell?
Neighbor. ¶ Maister Gracedieu, a man whome you know right well,
He is one which neuer did mony hate.
Corage. ¶ Why then speake in time, least thou be to late,
The Tyde tarryeth no man the prouerbe hath sayde,
Therefore for no time herein be delayde,
Maister Helpe here shalbe to thee a stay,
For with maister gracedieu, he beareth great sway.
Helpe. ¶ I will doe to him what I yeth in me.
Neighbor. ¶ And then to your paynes I will gladly fle.
Corage. ¶ Doubt not then, but thou shalt haue thy mind.
Neighbor. ¶ As you say, I wish that I may it find,
But I doubt that of my purpose I shall misse,
By reason of one thing, and that is this:
My foresayd neighbour which now holdeth the same,
Hath bene there a long dweller of good name and fame.
And well he is beloued both of yong and old,
Wherefore not onely the neighbours with him will holde.
But also the Landlord, I am in great doubt,

Will be therefore vnwilling to put him out,
And I but a straunger among them God wote.

Helpe. ¶ Marry syr it is much the better say that,
For if thou were more straunge, and borne out of the land.
Thou shouldest sooner haue it I dare take in hand,
For among vs now, such is our countrey geare,
That we loue best with straungers to deale.
To sell a lease deare, whosoeuer that will,
At the french, or dutch Church let him set vp his bill.
And he shall haue chapmen, I warrant you good store,
Loke what an English man bids, they will giue as much
We brokers of straungers, well know the gayne, (more.
By them we haue good rewardes for our payne.
Therefore though thou be straunge, the matter is not great,
For thy money is English, which must worke the feate.

Neighbor. ¶ In dede my money as a neighbour will agree,
With any man where soeuer it be.
And I my selfe would be a neighbour to,
And therefore the rather I doe that I doe,
For if it were not to be a neighbour by them,
I wisse I would not take a house so nye them.

Helpe. ¶ I dare say eche man would be glad at his harte,
To haue all his neighbours such as thou arte.
What matter is it, if thou thy selfe be sped,
Though thou take thy neighbours house ouer his head.

Corage. ¶ Tush that is no harme, but rather it is good,
For he doth it only for pure neighbourhod.
See yonder commeth one, if thou canst make him thy friend,
Then mayest thou shortly bring thy purpose to end.

¶ Furtheraunce entereth

Further. ¶ How maister Corage how doe you fare.
Corage. ¶ Euen glad to see that you so merry are:
Furtheraunce you must pleasure a friend of myne.
Further. ¶ Thereto I am redy at eche tide and tyme,
To doe for him what me doth lyke.

Therefore

Therefore let me know your mind by and by.

Corage. ¶ Serra, of thy mayster a lease he would haue,
And therein thy friendship it is, he doth crane.

Neighbor. ¶ Syr, if that herein my friend you will stand,
I will giue you therefore euen what you will demaund.

Further. ¶ Then Neighbourhed thou shalt shortly se,
That I can doe somewhat betwéene my mayster and thée,
Thou couldest neuer speake better to spede,
For of money now he standeth in nede.
To pay for a purchase of certayne land,
Which nedes he must discharge out of hand.
Therefore this time for thee well doth fall,
If that thou haue money to tempt him withall.

Neighbor. ¶ Tush man for money I will not spare,

Further. ¶ Then nedest thou no whit for to care,
And if thou take payne now to walke home,
There shalt thou fynd him sitting alone.

Corage. ¶ Cocks passion man hye thée away,
Thou knowest the Tyde for no man will stay.

Neighbor. ¶ Why syr but will you not walke with vs thither?

Further. ¶ No, doe Helpe and you goe before together,
And I warrant you I will not long be behind you,
For though I be absent, yet I will mind you.

Neighbor. ¶ Then syr adew till we méete agayne,
Doubt not but I will consider your payne.
Come Helpe shall we goe.

Helpe. ¶ It is time I trow. Exeunt.

Further. ¶ Ah syr this geare doth trimly fall out,
I know this lease, which he goeth about:
Wherefore I will worke so on both the sydes,
That of both parties I will obtayne bribes,
I will shew the old Tenaunt how one goeth about,
To take his house and to thrust him out.
Wherefore he will largely grease me in the hand,
Because his friend therein I shall stand.
The other here did promise me playne,

That he would reward me for my payne.
Therefore Corage farewell vnto thee,
For how thie geare will frame, I will see.

Corage. ¶ Farewell Furtherance, my gentle friend,
A man may seeke Hell, and such two not find.
I meane a friend, so worthy to trust,
And a neighbour, that is so honest and iust.
Of honestly I trow, he is merely well sped,
That will take his neighbours house ouer his hed.
I thinke there is no man, within this place,
But he would gladly such neighbours imbrace.
Where two such neighbours dye out of one towne,
The Deuill shall be sure, to haue one black Gowne.
As well he is worthy, if I might be iudge,
For in their affayres, he daply doth trudge.
God councell he giues them, both morning and euening,
What meanes they shal worke, to their neighbors grieuing.
He teacheth them how, to pill and to poule,
In hope after death, to haue body and soule.
Tush what meane I thus, of soule for to speake,
In vayne with such talke, my brayues I doe breake.
For soule there is none, when the body is dead,
In such kinde of doctryne, my schollers I leade.
Therefore say I, take time, while time is,
For after this life, there is nothing but blisse.
There is no soule, any payne to abide,
The Teachers contrary, from truth are far wide.

Willing to win worship, enter Courtyer like.

Courtyer. ¶ Oh so my hart is filled with doubt,
Which way I may worke, my worship to win:
Shall I leaue of Courtyers, so iolly a rout,
And eke of Ladies a company so trim,
And shall I home to my cottage rude,
There to liue like a countrey clowne:

Truely

Truely I know not which way to conclude,
To get my selfe worship and renowme,
To win worship I would be right glad,
Therefore (willing to win worship) is my name:
In the country there is none such to be had,
And the Court doth aske, great cost for the same,
So that what I shall doe, I know not yet.
I consider it is toward a good time;
Wherein tryumphing is vsed, as is meete it,
And where Courtyers must shew themselues, braue and fine.
But this I conclude, as forced I am,
The Court for to leaue, and homeward to packe:
For where is the money: here is the man.
If man he may be, that money doth lacke.

Corage. Why are you so foolish, the Court for to leaue?
When the time is, that worship you should win:
For in times of tryumphing, we alwayes perceaue,
The Courtyers worship, doth fyrst begin.
Therefore do you from such fondnesse stay,
And Fortune may chaunce, giue you as you wish.

Courtyer. But the wheeles of Fortune, as Socrates doth say,
Are like the leaues, wherewith men take fish,
And in an other place, Plautus doth shew,
A saying in Latin, and that is this:
Festo die si quid prodigeris,
Profesto egere liceat nihi peperceris,
If on the holiday, thou doe spare,
On the worke day thou maiest haue, but little welth thou get.
So in tryumphing, like effect insues,
That next after warre, idlenesse is set.

Corage. Then Periander's wordes you accompt loath,
Who vnto honour, as hee ought is:
Honor (sayeth he) immortale est,
Now syr I pray you, how like you this?

Courtyer. Those wordes to be true, I must needes confesse,
For honour in deede, is an immortall fame:

And now is the time the same to possesse,
But I haue not wherewith to attaine the same.
For money is he that the man must decke,
And though I haue attire both trully and gay,
Yet vnlesse it be new, I shall haue but a geck,
Therefore much better for me be away.

Corage. ¶ Dull man for money be thou not sad,
You Courtyers I know haue Iewels good store,
And money for Iewels will alwayes be had,
Therefore for that matter care thou no more.

Courtyer. ¶ Yea but how it is had, I partely doe know,
And what excessiue interest is payde,
Therefore you may say the more is my woe,
Would God that I had it neuer assayde.

Corage. ¶ Well, what euer it cost, it must nedes be had,
Therefore withstand not thy fortunate chaunce,
For I will count thee fole, worse then mad,
If thou wilt not spend money, thy selfe to aduaunce,
Now is the time of hap good or ill:
Venture it therefore while it is hote,
For the Tyde will not tarry for any mans will,
Neuer shalte thou spede, if now thou spede not.

Courtyer. ¶ Truely this talke doth encorage me so much,
That to see the Court againe, I doe pretend,
But I pray thee doest thou know any such,
As vse vpon gages money to lende

Corage. ¶ Why man for that matter you needy not to doubt,
Of such men there are inow euery where,
But see how luckely it doth fall out.
Yonder two friendes of mine doe appeare.
There is a broker betweene man and man,
When as any bargaynes they haue in hand,
The other a Marchaunte man now and than,
In borrowing money, thy friendes they may stand.

Helpe and Furtherance enter.

¶ So

Helpe. ¶ So are we in deede, and what of that?
Who is it that with vs would any thing haue?

Courtyer. ¶ Euen I a Gentleman whome money doe lacke,
And therein your friendlyp would glardy craue.

Helpe. ¶ Therein we can helpe you if your pleasure it be,
And will do or else we were greatly to blame,
Prouided alwayes that to our paynes you doe se,
And also put in a good pawne for the same.

Courtyer. ¶ A pawne sufficient I will therefore lay,
And also your paynes I will recompence well,
But I must nedes haue it out of the way,
Although my Landes therefore I do sell.

Helpe. ¶ You shall haue it by so soone as you will,
And therein you shalbe friendly vsed,
For in friendly vsing this fellow hath skill, pointing to Fur-
Therefore his counsel must not be refused. therance.
He is seruaunt vnto a Marchaunt man,
Who is partly ruled after his minde.

Courtyer. ¶ In deede as you say, helpe me he can,
I doubt not but his friendship I shall fynd.
Doubt you not syr, but in pleasuring me,
I will recompence your paynes with the moste.

Further. ¶ What I can doe for you, soone you shall se,
It is but folly thereof for to boast.

Courtyer. ¶ Well then it is time that hence we were packing,
For layne an end thereof I would know.

Helpe. ¶ Why syr no diligence in vs shalbe lacking,
For we are ready, if that you be so.

Courtyer. ¶ Why then that we go I thinke it were best,
Thinke you your mayster is now at home?

Further. ¶ Ye I know well at home he doth rest,
And I gesse that now he is sitting alone,
Therefore no longer here let vs stay.

Courtyer. ¶ Then sir adew for I will leaue the way.
Speaking to Corage & goeth out with Furtherance, & Helpe.

Corage. ¶ Now may you see how Corage can worke,
And how he can encorage, both to good and bad:
The Marchaunt is incouraged, in greedinesse to lurke,
And the Courtyer to win worship, by Corage is glad.
The one is good, no man will denay,
I meane corage to win worship and fame:
So that the other is ill, all men will say,
That is corage to greedinesse, which getteth ill name.
Thus may you see Corage contagious,
And take contrarious, both in me do rest:
For I of kind, am allwayes various,
And chaunge as to my mind seemeth best.
Betweene man and wife, sometimes I doe showe,
Both my kindnesse, when my pleasure it is:
The good wife giueth her husband a blow,
And he for reward, doth giue her a kisse.
The good wyfe by Corage, is hardy and stoute,
The good man contrary, is patient and meke:
And suffereth himselfe to be called loute,
Yea, and worse mis'sed, thrise in a weeke.
How say you good wiues, is it not so?
I warrant you, not one that can say nay:
Whereby all men here, may right well know,
That all this is true which I doe say.
But yet Corage tels you not all that he knowes,
For then he must tell, of eche wise thy name:
Which is no greate matter, the best are but shrewes,
But I will not say so, for feare I haue blame.

Greedinesse enter.

Greedines ¶ Now Corage I say, what newes in the coste?
What good tidinges abroade, doest thou heare?
Corage. ¶ Why what doest thou heare? hye thee home in poste,
For I sent home a Gentleman, to seeke for thee there.
Greedines ¶ And what is the matter that with me he would haue?

He

Corage. ¶He must borrow some money, his worshyp to saue.
Greedines ¶Tush then to tarry he will be glad,
If that he come any money to borrow.
Corage. ¶Yea but take the time, while it is to be had,
And deferre not thy profite, untill to morrow.
This Gentleman is a Courtyer brave,
And now in nede of money doth stand:
Therefore thine owne asking, of him thou mayest have,
So that thou wilte pleasure him out of hand.
Greedines ¶And is he a Courtyer, and standeth in nede,
This to my purpose, doth rightly fall:
For the nedy Courtyers, my coffers do fede,
And I warrant thee, that pinch him I shall.
For since I know, his nede to be such,
That money he must nedes occupy:
I know I cannot aske him to much,
If I his mind will satisfy.
Therefore now Corage to thee adew. Fayne a going out.
Corage. ¶Nay softe syr yet one word with you.
You told me not yet how you did agree,
With no god Neighbourhod, that god man growte.
Greedines ¶Mary syr he hath gone thorow with me,
And the old Tenaunt he will thrust oute.
But I with that matter have naught to doe,
Let them two now for that agree:
I know I should never have come unto,
So much as therefore he hath payed to me.
Therefore I might be counted mad,
If I to his proffer would not have tended:
This profitable lesson which of thee I had,
The Tyde taryeth no Man, was not unremembred.
Profite entreth.
Profite. ¶God spede syr, I pray you shew me if you can,
Did you not mayster Welthyselfe here about se.
Corage. ¶Cockes passion this is the Gentlemans man,
Speaking to Greedines.

Which at home hath taken for me,
For Welthineſſe is not hence far away.

Turning to Profite.

Greedines ¶ I am her ſys, what would you of me require?
Profite. ¶ My mayſter at home for your worſhip both ſtay,
And to ſpeake with you he both greatly deſire.
If it be your pleaſure home to repayre,
Or if ye will, he ſhall hether come,
Your mayſterſhips pleaſure therefore declare,
And I know incontinent it ſhalbe done.

Greedines ¶ Nay I meane home ward to hye,
For that I ſuppoſe to be the beſt,
And by all the meanes that in me both lye,
I will fulfill your mayſters requeſt.

Profite. ¶ I truſt alſo you will conſider my payne,
Thereby I truſt you ſhall not loſe,
For perchaunce I may preſerre your gayne,
By meane which with my mayſter I doe vſe.

Greedines ¶ As I fynd ther ready in furthering of me,
So doubt thou not but thou ſhalt fynd,
Me euen as ready in pleaſuring of the,
A word is ynough, thou knowſt my minde,
Therefore hence let vs now take the way.

Profite, ¶ My mayſter thinketh vs long I dare ſay. Exiunt.
Corage. ¶ I warrant you I will not be long behind,
I know no cauſe why here I ſhould ſtay,
A company of my ſcholers I know where to fynd,
Therefore toward them I will take the way. Exiunt.

The Tenaunt tormented enweth.

Tenaunt. ¶ Whether ſhall I goe, or which way ſhall I take,
To fynd a Chriſtian conſtant and iuſt,
Eche man himſelfe a Chriſtian would make,
Yet help or none, that a man may truſt.

But

But for the moſt parte fayned, inclined to luſt.
As to inſaciable couetouſeneſſe, moſte abhominable,
Or ſome other vice, moſte vile and deteſtable.
It is well knowen, what rigour doth raigne,
In that cruell tyger, my Landlord Ordinelle:
Who in my houſe, would not let me remayne,
But hath thruſt me out, with ſpitefull ſpardineſſe.
Having no reſpect, to my naked nardineſſe,
But altogether, regarding his gayne,
Hath bereaued my liuing from me, to my payne.
What neighbourhod is, may alſo be ſeene,
My neighbour ſuppoſed, is my deadly foe:
What cruell chaunce, like to mine hath beene,
Both my houſe and liuing, I muſt now forgoe.
What neighbour is he, that hath ſerued me ſo:
Thus creuelly to take my houſe, ouer my head,
Wherein theſe forty yeares, I haue bene harbored and fed.
And now being aged, muſt thus be thruſt out,
With mine impotent wife, charge, and family:
Now how I ſhall liue, I ſtand in great dout,
Leading and ending, my life in miſery.
But better doe ſo, then as they liue, by thieuery,
Catching and ſnatching, all that euer they can,
Becauſe that (ſay they) Tyde taryeth no Man.
But God graunt that they, in following that Tyde,
Loſe not the tyde of Gods mercy and grace:
I doubt that from them, away it will ſlyde,
If they ſtill purſue the contrary race.
As dayly they doe, Gods lawes to deface,
To their own ſoules hurte, and to their neighbours damage,
Still following the inſtructions, of curſed Corage.
I ſee whome I ſeeke, is not here to be found,
I meane Chriſtianity, conſtant and iuſt:
I doubte that in bondage he lyeth faſt bound,
Or elſe he is dead, and lyeth buryed in duſt.
But if he be liuing, to fynd him I truſt,

Therefore till I send him, I will no where stay,
Neither in seeking of him, I will make delay.

Enter Corage.

Corage. ¶Ah syrra, I cannot chose but reioyce,
When I remember my little pretty boyes.
My schollers I meane, who all with one voyce,
Crye we loue Corage, without other choyce.
The yong impes I incorage and leade,
In vertous footesteps, so trimly to treade.
That guilty, and vnguilty, often they plende,
And being found guilty, hang all saue the head.
The virgins which are but tender of age,
Rather then their trim attyre should swage.
Their tayles for new they will lay to gage,
To euery slaue, peasaunt, and page.
The graund signyours, which in yeares are rype,
With couetous clawes, like the gredy gryppe.
Their poore brethren, from their liuinges do wype,
And euermore damne, after Corages pype.
Corage neuer in quiet doth lye,
But the Tyde tarryeth no man, still he doth crye.
Therefore worke thy will by and by,
That rich thou mayest be, when euer thou dy.

The mayd willfull Wanton enter.

Wanton. ¶Of all misfortunes, mine is the worst,
Truely I thinke I was accurst:
When I was an infant, not fully nurst,
Alas for griefe, my harte it will burst.
I daily see women as yong as I,
Which in whyte Caps, our doze doe go by:
I am as able as they, with a man to lye,
Yet my mother doth still, my wedding denye.

The

She sayeth for wedding, that I am vnfit,
Maydes of fowertene yeares she sayeth, hath no wit:
And so euery day she sayeth I shall tarry yet,
That would God I were put quick in the pit.
God wot we maydes, abide much misery,
And alwayes kept in, from hauing liberty:
Of euill tongues we walke in ieoberty,
Most people are now so full of ielousy:
If a youngman a mayde doe but kisse,
Now (say the people) you may see what she is:
Where if I were a wyfe, nothing I should misse,
But liue like a Lady, in all ioyfull blisse.
I right well doe know, the peoples spight,
Because that to be pleasaunt, I haue delight:
Therefore past grace, they say I am naught,
And a wilfull wanton, my name they doe wraught.
Yet I trust in God, once to see the day,
That to recompence their spight I may:
For if euer I be married, and beare any sway,
Then I know what I haue to say.
Therefore good God, make me shortly a wife,
Or else shortly take away my life.

Corage. ¶ Alas pretty Parnell, you may soone end this stryfe,
Yong men fit for husbandes, in this towne are ryfe.
And your mothers ill will, you may soone preuent,
If you will follow my councell, and intent.

Wanton. ¶ Oh but if my mother would thereto consent,
To be married this night, I could be content.

Corage. ¶ But consent she or not, yet is it for ther,
Vnto thine own preferment to see.
Doest thou with any yong man so agree,
That he would consent, thy husband to be.

Wanton. ¶ Diuers there are, who gladly would haue me,
And being their wyfe, would trimly bedeane me.
From all wrong they would defend and saue me,
Truth knowe there are, which to wife doe craue me.

Dorage. ¶ Then deferre no time if that thou be wise,
For now to preferment, thou arte like to arise.
The Elde tarryeth no man, else the prouerbe lyes,
In delaying comes harmes, thou seest with thine eyes.
But by mariage all thy greefe shalbe eased,
And thy ioyes shall manifold wayes be increased.

Wanton. ¶ But alas my mother will so be displeased,
That I know her wrath will neuer be appeased.

Dorage. ¶ And wilt thou for displeasing of her,
Thine owne preferment and fortune defer?
Now arte thou youthfull, thy selfe to prefere,
And thy youthfull bewty, mens heartes may stere.
But youthfull bewty will not alwayes last,
The Dyce tarryeth no man, but sone it is past.
Therefore to wedding, see thou make haste,
For now much time thou doest lose in waste.

Wanton. ¶ Oh what comfortable wordes are these,
Truely your talke doth me greatly please,
I will not stinte but seeke out alwayes,
Untill that I haue found some ease.
I care not what my mother doe say,
This matter I will no longer delay.
But a husband I will haue out of the way,
And then may I boldly dally and play.
No man dare me then once to controule,
I cast my husband chaunce for to scoule.
If any man vse to intreate me foule,
My husband will lay him ouer the noule.
It doth me good to thinke of the blisse,
Which betweene new married couples is.
To see their dallyaunce sometime ywisse,
It setteth my teeth an edge by gisse.
Truely I would gladly giue my best frock,
And all thinges else vnto my smock.
To be married in the morning by vj. of the clock,
I beshrew my heart if that I doe mock.

For

For you will not beleeue how I long,
To be one of the wedded throng.
My thinkes it lyeth in no tongue,
To shew the ioyes that is them among.

Corage. ¶ It passeth ioy which they inioyne,
They take their pleasure in euery plase,
Like Aungels they doe run their race,
In passing blisse, and great solace.

Wanton. ¶ Well syr I will no longer tarry,
But some man out of hand will marry.
Although from my mothers minde I varry,
Yet your wordes in minde I carry.
Therefore god sir to you adew,
Untill agayne I mete with you.
If I spede well, a good date new,
To your parte may chaunce insue. Exiunt.

Corage. ¶ Alas wilfull wanton, my pretty peate,
My wordes haue set her in such a heate.
Now towards wedding her tone is so greate,
That scarce she can neither drinke nor eate.
Now I Corage in her doe begin,
So that for her mother she cares not a pin.
Now all her mind is a husband to win,
To be vnwedded she thinketh it sin.
How say you my virgines euery one,
Is it not a sinne to lye alone?
When.xij. yeares of age is gone,
I dare say you thinke so euery one.

Helpe entereth.

Helpe. ¶ Nay now let him thinke for himselfe if he will,
Since I am payed the thing I did seeke:
Alas good Gentleman, he is serued but ill,
In sayth he is in now by the weeke.
He hath naught but that, for which he hath payed,

The lone of his money he hath dearly bought,
I warrant you it might be boldly saye,
His cardes being tolde, he hath wonne right nought.

Corage. ¶ And how so Helpe tis he so punche I saye
By my troth that is a spoyt for to beare.

Helpe. ¶ Serra, he standes bound forty poundes to pay,
But little more then thirty alway he did beare.
For what with the marchauntes dooty for lone,
Item for writing vnto the Lerybe:
The third part into my pouch is gone,
And the marchauntes man, hath not lost his fyfe.
So that amongest vs foure, almost ten poundes,
Is clearely dispersed and spent:
The Gentleman sweareth, sparte, blud, and woundes,
Repenting that after thy councell he went.

Corage. ¶ Yea but syrs, my parte is the least,
Who am the Captayne of all the route.

Helpe. ¶ Tush man for that matter, set thy heart at rest,
For that which we haue, thou shalt not be without.
But syrra, sayst thou not iohn doth ponder appeare,
By my troth me thinkes two knaues they are.

Profite and Furtherance, enter together.

Further. ¶ Indede whosoeuer vnto her is neare,
For a knaue he needeth not to seeke farre.

Corage. ¶ Syrs I will tell troth to make you agree,
By gesse I thinke, you are knaues all three.

Further. ¶ Indede three we are, we are no lesse,
And you are the fourth to make vp the messe.

Corage. ¶ Well for that matter, we will not greatly striue,
But syrs what wind now did you hether driue?

Further. ¶ I sayth to shew thee what luck we haue had,
By (willing to win Worship) that lusty lad.
To make talke thereof, now it is no time,
But if thou wilt go with vs, we will giue thee the wine.

¶ And

Profite. ¶ And as my mayster pleased you two, and the rurtle,
So of Oredinelle the Parchaunt, I had a bribe.
So that none of us went vnpaid afore,
But of one of the parties, had honestly our pay.

Helpe. ¶ Yea but of them both, I had my bribes,
My maysters, the Broker can play of both sides.
He is almost payd as well for his tickring,
As is the Scribe, for his writing or blotting.
Yea and yet both parties are not contens,
For I dare say the gentleman, his bargayne doth repent.

Further. ¶ Marry for can you blame him, that so hath bene rung,
He may say he hath payde, to heare a faire tongue.
And now without his man he is gone.
His man geues him leaue for to walke alone.

Profite. ¶ Let me alone, I warrant thee some ercals I will haue,
And the worst fall I know, I shalbe but called knaue.
But yet firs after him, I will hye,
And by the way I will inuent some lye.

Corage. ¶ Nay softe Maysters, you must not go so,
You must helpe to fill a parte to you go.

Profite, ¶ So it be short, I am well content.
Corage. ¶ And all the rendes, shall be to your intent.

The Song to all our

We liue great gayne, with little payne,
And lightly spend it to:
We doe not toyle, nor yet we moyle,
As other poore folkes do.
We are winners all three,
And so will we be,
Where euer that we come:
For we know how,
To bend and bow,
And what is to be done.

With

¶ To bruse and crouch, to fil the pouch
We are full glad vnder vre:
We euer will, euen at our will,
Are getters of great gayne.
We are winners. &c.

¶ It is our will, to pouke and pill,
All such as doo vs trust:
We beare in hande, good friendes to stande,
Though we be most vniust.
We be winners &c.

¶ Full far aboutes, we knowe the routes,
Of them that riches had:
Whome through deceite, as lyes in vre,
We made them thrift forth gad.
We are winners. &c.

Finis.

Corage. ¶ Now Cole profite, in faythe graunted by the lorde.

Profite. ¶ Much good do it thee, but I am afrayd I tarry to long,
Therefore friendes agayne, for I will be gone.

Helpe. ¶ Nay softe Profite, leaue vs not behinde,
For hence to depart, we also do minde.

Corage. ¶ Then thre knaues on a cluster, get you together,
Nedes knaues you must go, for so you came hether.

Profite, ¶ But here we found ther, a knaue muste of all,
And so we leaue ther, as thou doest vs call.

Corage. ¶ Now so is the purpose, and this is the cale,
God cesen Cutpurse, if you be in place.
I beseech you now, your busynesse to ayse.
I warrant thee I, no man shall thee espye.
If they doe, it is but an hoores hanging.
But such a purse thou mayest catch, worth thre yeres spending.
I warrant thee encouraging thou shalt not lacke,
Come hyther, let me clap thee on the backe.

And

And if thou wilt now follow my requeſt,
At Tyborne I may chaunce clap the on the breſt.
So that of clapping, thou ſhalt haue ſtore.
Here clapping behind, and at Tyborne before.
But coſen Cutpurſe, if ought thou do get,
I pray the let me haue part of thy cheate.
I meane not of thy hanging ſare,
But of thy purſe, and filched ware.
Well ſyrs it is time, that hence I doe pack me,
For I am afrayde, that ſome men doe lack me.
For ſome are perhaps, about ſome good deede;
And for lack of corage, they dare not proceede. Exiunt.

The Courtyer entreth.

Courtyer. As with the poyſon, which is moſte deteſtable,
The heart of man, is ſoneſt infected:
So the foe moſte hurteth, who ſemeth moſt amiable,
And of all wiſe men, is to be detected.
At this time this saying I haue elected,
For that they which friendſhip, to me profeſſed,
In ſteade thereof, my hurte haue addreſſed.
They promiſed me, my friendes for to ſtand,
And to helpe me to that which I did crane:
Untill that I had obligated my land,
And then was I ſubiect to euery knaue.
Eche man then a portion would haue,
The Marchaunt for lone, the Broker for his payne,
And the ſcrybe for wryting, eche man had agayne.
Nimubula pluuia imbrem parit,
A mizeling ſhower ingendreth great wet,
Which saying officium prouerbia non tarit,
Many a little maketh a great.
So euery of them, by me wrought his feate,
And euery of theſe brybes, being caſt to account,
To a good portion I feele do amount.

C.j. But

But what vilany is there in such,
Who knowing a man, of their helpe to haue nede:
Will incroch vpon him, so vnreasonable much,
Their owne greedy desires to fede.
Iuuenall I remember, doth teach them in dede,
Whose wordes are these, both open and playne,
The vicious man only, seketh his own gayne:
Yea twice vicious, may they be named,
Who doe auarice so much imbrace:
But what is their answere, when they are blamed,
Say they, we haue here but a little space.
Therefore we haue nede to be getting a pace,
Wherefore should we gayning lay away,
The Dyde taryeth no man, this is all they can say.

Corage entereth.

Corage. ¶ And as soone as she had supped vp the broth,
The ladle she layd vpon his face:
Woman quoth he, why arte thou so wroth?
Knaue quoth she, get thee out of this place.

And smyteth the gentleman.

Courtyer. ¶ Why friend, arte thou not well in thy wit,
Wherefore smitest thou me in such sorte?

Corage. ¶ Jesus Gentleman, are you here yet,
I thought long or this you had bene at the Courte,
Therefore you must pardon mine offence,
For I little thought it had bene you.

Courtyer. ¶ Thy company is so good, I will get me hence,
Therefore cursed Corage adue.

Corage. ¶ And in fayth will you nedes begon,
What man you might tarry a while.

Courtyer. ¶ In thy company I haue tarryed to long,
For I perceaue thou art full of guile. Exiunt.

Corage. ¶ Farewell frost, will you nedes be gone,
Adue since that you will nedes away:
In fayth this sporte is trimly alone,

That

That I can thus, a gentleman fray.

Greedinesse and Helpe enter together.

Greedines ¶ Oh Helpe, might I once see that day,
Tush I would not care, who I did wrong.

Helpe. ¶ Doubt not, you nede not that for to fray,
You shall see that day, or that it be long.

Corage. ¶ What day is that, whereof you doe speake?
May not a body your councell knowe.

Helpe. ¶ Mary syr, this day whereof we doe intreate,
Is a day of some notable show.
When the Courtyers in their bravery shalbe,
Before their Prince, some shew to make:
If such a day, Welthinesse might see,
He hopeth then, some money to take.
For without cost, they may not be braue,
And many lacke money, as he doth suppose:
Wherefore at some, a good hand he would haue,
I warrant thee, by none he hopeth to lose.

Corage. ¶ Tush man doubt not, such dayes there will come,
That matter then needest not to feare.

Greedines ¶ To here of such dayes, I would ryde and run,
So glad I would be, of such dayes to heare.
Oh with these Courtyers, I loue to deale well,
Or with other yong Gentlemen, who haue pounds or lands:
For whether I doe lend them, or my wares to them sell,
I am sure to win largely, at their handes.
And specially, where in nede they doe stand,
Then in sayth I doe pinch them home:
When I see they must nedes haue money out of hand,
And that other shifte, to worke they haue none.

Helpe. ¶ Why that is the way syr to come aloft,
Great welth thereby, I know you doe get.

Greedines ¶ I warrant thee no time, I driue of,
Neyther for any mans saying, the same will I let.

Well ſyrs I muſt now leaue of this talke,
And I muſt bid you both twayne adue. Fayne a going out.

Corage. ¶ Softe mayſter Greedineſſe whether do you walke,
What ſyr I pray you, one word with you.

Greedines ¶ Towardes Powles Croſſe, from hence I doe goe,
Perchaunce ſome profite there I may mete.

Corage. ¶ To Powles Croſſe, what there will you doe,
Do you the Preachers wordes ſo well like.

Greedines ¶ Tuſh for the preaching I paſſe not a pin,
It is not the matter wherefore I do go:
For that goeth out whereas it comes in,
But herein my meaning, to the I will ſhow.
You know that many thether doe come,
Wherefore perchaunce, ſuch may be my hap:
Of my ill debtors there to ſpye ſome,
Whome without delay, by the heles I will clap.

Helpe. ¶ Why ſyr, and will you areſt them there?
While they at ſermon preaching be.

Greedines ¶ Will I quoth you, wherefore ſhould I feare,
It is beſt taking them, while I may them ſee.

Corage. ¶ Yea bir Lady ſyr, full wiſely you ſay,
Take them while you may them get:
Or elſe perchaunce it wilbe many a day,
Or on them agayne your eye you ſhall ſet.

Greedines ¶ I remember what you haue ſayd,
Lyde taryeth no man, marke you that:
Wherefore no time herein ſhalbe delayed,
Therefore ſyrs adew to long I do chat. Exit.

Corage. ¶ Now that here is none but you and I,
I pray the deliuer to me my part,
Diſpatch and geue me it by and by:

Helpe. And that I ſay with a willing hart,
¶ I know no part I haue of thine,
Therefore of me thou getteſt no part.

Corage. ¶ I will make the confeſſe a parte of mine,
Or elſe I will make thy bones to ſmart.

¶ When

Helpe. ¶ When the reſidue doe thereto agree,
Then will I alſo geue ther a parte:
But if they no part will giue vnto the,
If I giue thee any, beth;ew my harte.

Corage. ¶ Yea friend Helpe, are you at that poynt,
I will make you otherwiſe to ſay:
Or elſe I will beate you in euery ioynt,
Now mayſter Helpe, how like you this play.

And fighteth to prolonge the time, while Wantonneſſe maketh her ready.

Helpe. ¶ What hold thy hand man, arte thou ſo mad,
Corage. ¶ To conſeſſe me a part, I will make the glad.
Helpe. ¶ A parte thou ſhalt haue, when home we doe come.
Corage. ¶ Upon that condicion mine anger is done.
A ſyrra th inke you, to make me your knaue,
And yet all the profite your ſelues you ſhould haue.

Enter waſtfulneſſe the huſband of Wantonneſſe.

Waſtful. ¶ What ioy is like the linked life?
What hope might hold me from my wife?
Can man his tongue ſo frame,
Or eke diſpoſe me from my dame?
What doth my ſubſtaunce god to mie,
I will therefore be franke and fre.
Where couples yong do mete,
That pleaunt pece ſo ſweete,
My ioy for to declare,
Whoſe beuty is ſo rare.
In cofers lockt to lye,
To ſerue my wyfe and I.

Corage. ¶ Then doe you wiſely, I ſweare by S. Anne
Take time while time is, for time will away:
The niggard is neuer counted a man.

Therefore remember to doe as you say.

Wastf ul. ¶ I warrant thee, what I haue sayd,
Nothing I meane shalbe delayed.
I will the same fulfill,
To ease and please my will.

Helpe. ¶ Truely sir you doe wisely therein,
For what good of hoording issues:
Undoubtedly I thinke it a sinne,
And beastes they are, which the same doe vse.

Wastful. ¶ Use it who list, for me he shall, I meane to hoord no store,
I meane to serue my time withall, and then I take no more.

Wantonnesse enter.

Wanton. ¶ Jesus husband what doe you meane,
To run abroade, and leaue me at home:
You are such a man, as I haue not seene,
I se well, hereafter you will leaue me alone.
What so some begin, from me to be straying,
What man, it is yet but honny moone.

Wastfull. ¶ What woman would you haue me alwayes playing?
So may we shortly both be vndone.
As for pleasure there is a time,
So for profite there is the like:
Therefore I pray the gentle wife mine,
Be contented that my profite I seeke.

Wanton. ¶ Yea but husband I say consider in your mind,
That now we are yong, and pleasaunt to play:
But age approaching, makes vs lame and blind,
And lusty corage doth then decay away.
Then what may substaunce vs auayle,
For age no pleasure doth regard:
Therefore good sweete harte doe not quayle,
Thinke neuer that the world is hard.

Corage. ¶ Undoubtedly moste true it is.
The woman herein doth truely say:

Sir haue not you heard before this,
Tyde taryeth no man, but will away.

Wastfull. ¶But better it is hardy to begin,
And after in better estate to be:
Then fyrst to be alofte full trim,
And after to fall to lower degree.

Wanton. ¶Truely that is but a foolish toy,
At the fyrst to liue hardly and bare:
Many we se mille that hoped toy,
And then it proueth, for others they spare.
Haue not many had, full sorrowfull hartes,
By losing of that which they did spare:
Had they not better haue taken their partes,
Then so for others, them selues to make bare.
And what know we, if we shall liue,
To take our partes of that we scrape:
Would it not then your harte greue,
To leaue your substaunce in such rate.

Wastful. ¶Yea but sweete harte, if naught we shall haue,
When hereafter we shall aged war:
Then had we better wish vs in graue,
Then nedy pouerty should vs ver.

Wanton. ¶Doubt you that such chaunce shall befall,
Truely you are greatly vnwyse:
We are able to kepe vs from such thrall,

Wastfull. Spend, and God will send, else the prouerbe lyes.
¶His sending woman, we dayly do se,
Is a staffe and a wallet vnto such:
Who such excesse spenders be,
Experience thereof we haue to much.

Wanton. ¶Well husband this talke is in vayne,
Therefore cease so sharply to speake:
For vnlesse such talke you doe refrayne,
I feare for vnkindnesse my harte will breake,
I little thought that you would thus,
Haue now restrayned me of my will:

But now right well I may discusse, Shee weepeth.
That you doe loue some other gill.

Wastful. ¶ Why woman doest thou thinke that I,
Haue thought all this while, as I haue sayd:
I did it onely thy mind to trye,
For pleasure in me, shall not be delayd.
While the time is, the time I will take,
What soeuer I list to say:
Of my gods no God I will make,
Therefore good wife, do thy sorrow away.

Wanton. ¶ A fayth are you such a one indeede,
By gisse you made me almost afeard:
My hart in my belly was ready to bleede,
When such foolish wordes in you I heard.

Helpe. ¶ I would haue counted him greatly vnwise,
If he were so foolish, as himselfe he made:
Fooles they are, which such pleasure despise,
But I knew that therein he would not wade.
And truely I am right glad to se,
That so good an agreement betweene you is:
For truely where couples doe so well agree,
It may not be chosen, but there is great blisse.
I am sorry that thus we must parte you frue,
Corage it is time for vs to departe.

Wanton. ¶ But yet my friendes before that you goe,
Of a song helpe vs to sing a parte.
By my troth husband we must needes haue a song,
Will you not helpe to further the same?

Wastful. ¶ Yes by my troth, so it be not long.
Or else you might count me greatly to blame.

Corage. ¶ And I am content a part for to beare.

Helpe. ¶ Then be sure I will helpe in with a feare.

The Song.

¶ Though

The Tyde taryeth no Man.

THough Wastfulnesse and wantonnesse,
Some men haue vs two named:
Yet pleasauntnesse and pryauntnesse,
Our names we haue now framed.
For as I one is pleasaunt, to kisse and to cully,
The other is pryaunt as euer was holly.
As youth would it haue,
So will we be brane.

¶ To liue in blisse, we will not misse,
What care we for mens sayings:
What ioy is this, to sporte and kisse,
But hurte comes in delayings.
The one is full ready to the others becking,
Betwæne vs there is neither chiding, nor checking.
As youth will it haue, &c.

¶ Full brane and full fyne, we passe the time,
Take time while time is bryding:
What ioy is thine, the same is mine,
My mind shall not be slyding.
Our goods are our owne, why should we spare,
Or for time to come, why should we care,
As youth would it haue, &c.

Corage. ¶ Now friendes adue for we must depart,
Wastfull. ¶ Farewell my gentle friendes withall my hart.
Wanton. ¶ Well husband now I will home repayre,
To see that your dinner dressed be. Exiunt.
Wastful. ¶ Doe so wife, and see we haue good fare,
I meane not long to tarry after thee. Pause.
Whose ioy may be compared to mine,
I haue a wife bewtifull and gay:
She is yong, pleasaunt, proper and fyne,
And pryaunt to please me both night and day.
For whome should I pinch, for whome should I spare,

Why should I not be liberall and frée,
How euer the world goe I doe not care.
I haue ynough for my wife and me,
And if my substaunce chaunce to decay:
I know my credite is not so ill,
But that I can borrow twenty pound alway.
Lo serue me at my pleasure and will,
For repayment thereof, no care I will take:
No matter it is if the same I may get,
While it lasteth, therewith I will merry make.
What skils it though that I come in debt.
While yong I am, youthfull I will be,
And passe my time in youthfull sorte:
For as my wife here sayd vnto me.
Age doth delight in no pleasaunt sport,
Wherefore since pleasure I doe loue:
In youth it behoues to take the same,
Nothing there from my heart shall moue.
But I thereto my heart will frame,
I feare me that I tarry to long,
My wife doe looke for me before this:
Therefore homeward I will be gone,
For there is ioy and heauenly blisse. Exiunt.

The Sergeaunt and the debtor rested entereth.

Debtor. ¶ What infidelity in him doth rest,
Who no time forbeareth to take his pray:
Most like the greedy or sauadge beast,
Who in crueltie rageth both night and day.
Might he not the space of one Sermon stay,
What care or munde gaue he to Gods word,
Who at preaching thereof did me so disturbe.
Is the Sabboth day, and Paules Crosse,
A time and place to vex thy debtor?
Or hast thou Creadinesse by me had any losse?
Nay by me thou arte a hundereth pound the better,
I speake of the least and not of the greatter.

Yet

Yet I neuer denyed, my debt for to pay,
But in deede I requyred a longer day.

Sergeant. ¶ Tush syr this talke is all but in vayne,
Meane you thus the time to delay?
Dispatch therefore, and please me for my payne,
And toward the Counter, let vs away.

Debtor. ¶ No haste but good, stay yet a while,
Or else take the payne with me for to walke:
About the quantity of halfe a mile,
With a friend of mine, that I might talke.

Sergeant. ¶ For a Royall I will not so farre goe,
Therefore set your heart at quyet.

Debtor. ¶ I meane to please no Sergeant so,
I am no customer for your dyet.
But since to goe, you doe not intend,
You must take paynes here to tarry with me:
Untill for a friend of mine I doe send,
Which I trust shortly my bayle will be.

Sergeant. ¶ Neyther will I with thee here remayne,
Therefore dispatch and let vs away:
Thinkest thou that I hauing naught for my payne,
Will eyther goe with thee, or beare for thee stay.

Debtor. ¶ And what wilt thou aske, with me here to stay?
At one word let me that vnderstand.

Sergeant. ¶ At one word ten groates thou shalt pay,
Or else to the Counter we must out of hand.

Debtor. ¶ That will I doe with a right good will,
Rather then so much thou shalt get:
I will not so much thy minde fulfill,
If that my harte, my hand may let.

Sergeant. ¶ Why then with speede let vs away,
This deede then wilt repent I trow.

Debtor. ¶ Well, wherefore now doe we stay,
I am ready hence to goe.

Sergeant. ¶ Come on then.

They two go out.

A new Commody called

Christianity must enter with a sword, with a title of pollicy, but on the other syde of the tytle, must be written gods word, also a shield, wherton must be written riches, but on the other syde of the shield must be Fayth.

Christian. ¶ Christianity I doe representt,
Muse not though the sword of pollicy I beare:
Neyther marueile not what is mine intent,
That this sayleable shield of riches I weare.
Greedy great, will haue it so euery where,
Greedy great for this cause I haue named,
For that the greater parte vse grediines, which is to be
As the greater parte will, thereto must I yeld, (blamed.
Their cruell force I may not withstand:
Therefore I beare this deformed sword and shield,
Which I may be ashamed to hold in my hand,
But the Lord deliuer me from their thraldome and band,
For if the enemy assayle me, then am I in thrall:
Because I lack such Armoure, as is taught by S. Paule.
For in steade of Gods word, and the shield of fayth,
I am deformed with pollicy, and riches vayne:
And still I say, as the greater parte sayeth,
I am still a christian, and so shall remayne,
By Christianity say they, no domage doth sustaine:
But alas they are deceiued, their armoure is not sure,
For neyther pollicy, nor rytches, may long time indure.
Yet vpon those two, we greatly depend,
We say by pollicy, our selues we can saue,
Riches as a shield, we say will defend,
And by riches we possesse what euer we craue,
So that for riches, we sell all that we haue.
Not onely the body, and all thinges terestriall,
But also the soule, which ought be celestiall.

Faythfull sey enter.

Faythfull. ¶ Alas I lament to heare the report,
Which of vs cittizens in euery place is spread:
It is not long synce I came from the court,

Where

Where I would haue bene glad to haue hid my head.
With the spoyle of the symple, there they say were fed,
So that for the couetous gredines, which some cittizens vse,
A shamefull ill reporte to the whole ensues.
But I must nedes confesse some among vs there be,
For whose sakes the whole number beareth great blame:
They abuse themselues so, towardes euery degree,
As man without reason, and past worldly shame,
Neither regard they their owne, nor their ill name.
So they may haue the chaffy treasure of the world,
They passe not both with God and man to be abhord.
There is no time nor place, that they will forbeare,
When any of their helpe hath moste nede:
Then shall he pay treble for his money or ware,
Or else of them he is not like to spede.
They nothing regard his pouerty or nede,
But who is it which ponder doth stande, he goeth toward him
Holding the sword of Pollicy in his hand,
Wolde certayne I am, that face I should knowe,
Syr is not your name Christianity?

Christian. ¶ Yes vndoubtedly, my name is so,
As you are faythfull fewe imbraser of verity.

Faythfull. ¶ And shall the sword of Pollicy, by Christianity be borne,
Truely that is contrary to your nature and kinde:
Now are you reformed like a thing forlorne,
Which maketh me suspect, of me in my minde.

Christian. ¶ Oh Faythfull fewe, of me haue no doubt,
I am Christianity, though thus deformed:
And though thus abused, by the great route,
Yet by God I trust, my tytle shalbe turned.

Faythfull. ¶ By the power of God I will not delay, he turneth the titles
To turne this tytle most vntrue and fayned,
And I will indue thee, and that straight way,
With such weapons, as Saynt Paule hath ordayned.

Christian. ¶ Alas in vayne this payne you doe take,
For as you faythfull, in numbe are fewe,

So the power is but small that you can make,
To resist the greedy great ones, who are agaynst you.

Faythfull. ¶Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos,
If God be with vs, who may vs resist,
Weigh not then the number, but weigh his purpose,
Who ruleth all thinges, as himselfe doth list.
I know how Greedinesse, with the great part is vsed,
Their pilling, pouling, pinching and spoyling:
How both the simple and others, with them are abused,
They liue by the fruites of other mens toyling.
But God is not dead, neyther is he a slepe,
Although for a time his hand he doth hold:
Yet doth he remember his little sheepe,
And will reuenge the wrong done to his folde.

Corage and Greedines enter as though they saw not Christianity.

Corage. ¶Let them say what they will, doe thou as I told thee,
Trust thou not to any knaue of them all:
Not a Preacher of them all, in thy neede will vphold thee,
Try them who will, their deuotion is small.

Greedines ¶Thou wilt not beleeue how the knaue did prate,
Ye cittizens repent, thus he did crye,
Looke about in time quoth he, or it be to late,
For the vengeaunce of God at hand is full nye.
As though he knew what were in Gods minde,
Surely it is a shame, they are so suffred to lye.

Corage. ¶But in my talke great profyte thou doste fynde,
They are all lyers as their talke doth trye,
By my doctrine thou hast great profyte and gayne,
Great riches and substaunce, therby thou doest win:
To instruct thee dayly I take great payne,
Which way thou shalt thy riches bring in.

Greedines ¶Thou doest so in deede, and thankes I thee giue,
But syrra, now I remember a thing:
Which made me not long since, to laugh in my sleeue,
To me a yong Gentleman the Wyker did bring,

Whose

Whose Father was dead of late as it seemed,
And his landes in Morgage to a Marchaunt was layde,
Wherefore it behoued the same were redeemed,
For the day was at hand, when the same should be payde.
And I perceauing his neede to be such,
I thought I would pinch him or that I went,
To giue mine owne asking, he did not greatly grudge,
And when I had girded him, thence I him sent.

Faythfull. ¶ More shame for thee, and such as thou art,
That with like thou arte permitted, it is great pitty,
Thou arte a Christyan with a ranckered heart,
And the cause of reproch to a whole citty.
Christianity by thee is greatly abused,
Of his righteous Armour, thou doest him bereaue,
And in stead therof, by him to be vsed,
The Armour of Sathan, with him thou dost leaue.

Greedines ¶ Why would you not haue me, how to inuent,
Which way were best to bring in my gayne?

Faythfull. ¶ But not in such sort, to set thine intent,
That all the world of thee should complayne.

Greedines ¶ I crye you mercy, I know where you are now.
In a Countryes behalf, this oration you make,
Of late there was one, complayned how,
Excessiue gayne of him I did take.
It is the cast of them all so to say,
When prodigally their money is spent:
Or if the Prince will them not pay,
Then on the Marchaunt, some lyes they inuent.

Faythfull. ¶ Arte thou not ashamed of thy Prince to speake ill?
Thine owne abused doing to excuse:
No marueyle though the citty haue all mens ill will,
When both in word and deede, thy selfe thou dogst misuse.
Sed Regimum est male audire cum desecerint,
Antisthenes doth truely this saying resite,
It is geuen to Princes (sayeth he) though they be benemerit,
To be euell spoken of which is agaynst all right.

Greedines ¶ Syr you are bvlt fayn no more, then you are able to proue,
Least I make you to repent your boldnesse,
For if my patience you to much do moue,
I may chaunce turne your heete into a coldnesse.
Why I lende my money like a friend for good will,
And thereby doe helpe men at their nede.

Faythfull. ¶ A friend thou arte in deede, though a friend but ill,
Pithagoras thy friendship, hath playnely declarde,
There be many sayth he, who no friendes do lacke,
And yet of friendship they haue but scant,
So thou arte a friend for their moneys sake,
And yet thy friendship they alwayes shall want.

Christian. ¶ Assuredly thou highly offendest,
For that so double in dealing thou arte:
Aristotle sayeth, by the same thou pretendest,
And not so to beare a dissembling harte.
A Christian ought not vnto riches to yeld,
For it is a thing but fayleable and vayne,
Riches is no perpetuall thiefe,
But the shield of Fayth, shall euer remayne.
Take therefore fayth, and Gods word for thy sworde,
And arme Christianity in this wise.

Greedines ¶ Shall pollicy and riches then be abhord,
Syr they are fooles that them will despise.
I put case powerty should me assayle,
Can Gods word and fayth me any thing ayde:
Powerty agaynst riches can neuer anayle,
I am sure syr this may not be denayde.

Faythfull. ¶ We deny not, but in this world, riches beare the sway,
Yet, it not riches to be called sure:
For in Gods power it is to make riches decay,
Whereas Gods word and fayth shall euer endure.

Greedines ¶ But geue me riches, take you Gods word and fayth,
And se which of vs shall haue the better gayne.

Christian. ¶ Now Faythfull lew, you here what he sayth,
Therefore to turne the tytles I must be fayne,

Well

Faythfull. ¶ Well ſince it will no better be,
To God let vs the cauſe betake:
Whome I truſt, when as time he doth ſe,
He will for vs, a deliuerance make.

Corage. ¶ Come Mayſter Welthineſſe, let vs away,
What ſhould we here any longer doe?

Greedines ¶ In deede I hold it beſt as you ſay,
Therefore your ſaying I agree vnto. They two go out.

Faythfull. ¶ Sorry I am, to ſe his eſtate,
How neare he is, to the Founte of perdition:
God graunt him repentaunce, or it be to late,
That of his ſinnes he may haue remiſſion.

Chriſtian. ¶ But alas, he goeth the contrary way,
For of his couetouſneſſe, he taketh no ruth:
And Ariſtotle I remember doth ſay,
The couetous man cannot learne the truth.
Wherefore he cannot, or will not know,
The way to reforme me Chriſtianity:
Therefore from this place now I will goe,
To pray vnto God to ſhew him the verity.
Now Faythfull fewe adue vnto the,
I will pray vnto God for thy comfort and ayd:
I beſeech the make like interceſſion for me,
And that my reformation be not long delayd. Exiunt.

Faythfull. ¶ Doubt not thereof good Chriſtianity,
My indeuour herein ſhall not be delayde:
Alas what is man not knowing the verity,
No man, but a beaſt he may be layd.
Yet many there are, which in the world doth liue,
Who for Chriſtians will no waies accounpted be:
Though to all abhominations, their ſelues they doe giue,
And from no kind of vice be cleare or free.
Couetouſneſſe is accounpted no ſinne,
Uſury is a ſcience and art:
All wayes are good, whereby we may win,
Although it be to our neighbours ſmart.

Whereby it appeareth, from loue we are free,
The wordes of the wise, we nothing regarde:
For without loue, no vertue can perfect be,
As Plato the wyse, hath playnly declarde.
No good thing without loue, it is possible to doe,
Seneca of that opinyon hath bene:
Then how many good thinges, do they now thinke yon,
In whome no loue at all there is seene.
They watch their times, the simple to snare,
No time they forbeare, their pleasures to worke:
God graunt we therefore ck them may beware,
For priuily to snare vs, they dayly doe lurke.

Enter Wasthulnesse poorely.

Vastful. Oh more then wretch, which so sothly hast spent,
Not onely thine own goods, but also other mens:
What accompt shall I make, for the goods to me lent,
Which neuer I am able for to recompence.
How wastfully haue I, with wantonnesse my wyfe,
Consumed our goods, substaunce and treasure,
That would to God I were out of my life,
For the remembraunce thereof, is grefe without measure.
My wyfe and I now, are asunder dispersed,
Ech of vs, to seeke our liuing alone:
Alas our woe may not be rehearsed,
Vnto whome now should we make our mone.
In taking the time, to toward we weare,
We were afeard to long to abide:
Corages councell in mind we did beare,
He sayd that for no man would tarry the tyde.
But well away now, which way shall I turn,
I know it is folly vnto God to call:
For God I know my petition will shun,
And into perdition I am now like to fall.
Dispayre, dispayre.

Dispayre enter in some vngly shape, and stand behind him.

Why

Why ſhould I diſpayre, ſince God doth behold,
The ſinner with mercy as the ſcripture doth ſay.

Diſpaire. ¶ But thy prodigall ſinnes are ſo manifold,
That God of mercy, doth thee vtterly denay.
Therefore to ende thy life it is beſt,
Thy calling for mercy, is all but in vayne:
By ending thy life, thou ſhalt be at reſt,
But if longer thou liue, great ſhall be thy payne.

Waſtfull. ¶ Well then will I ſeeke ſome place where I may,
Finiſh my life with Corde, or with knyfe:
The diſpatch thereof, I will not delay,
Farewell now all the world, but chiefely my wife. fayne a
Faythfull few plucketh him agayne. (going out.

Faythfull. ¶ Softe ſtay a while, and be not ſo rath,
Thinkeſt thou God vnmercifull to be:
Wilt thou truſt diſpayre, euen at the firſt bath,
Haſt thou no fayth in Gods mercy ſo free,
Call vpon god with repentaunce and fayth,
By ſuch wayes and meanes as I will inſtruct thee.

Waſtfull. ¶ I beleeue God is mercifull, as the ſcripture ſayeth.
They both kneele, and Waſtfull ſayeth after Faythfull.

Faythfull. ¶ Well follow mee, and I will conduct thee,
Oh heauenly Father pardon my offence.

Waſtfull. ¶ Oh heauenly father, pardon mine offence.

Faythfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre.

Waſtfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre,

Faythfull. ¶ Alſo O Father baniſh thou hence.

Waſtfull. ¶ Alſo O Father baniſh thou hence.

Faythfull. ¶ That wicked Monſter of Diſpayre,

Waſtfull. ¶ That wicked Monſter of Diſpayre.
Diſpayre flyeth, and they ariſe.

Faythfull. ¶ How feleſt thou now, thy conſcience and minde,
Hopeſt thou not, of gods mercy and grace?

Waſtfull. ¶ Well God be prayſed that here I thee finde,
How happy was I to approch this place.
Diſpayre is now fled, I perfectly know,

And in Gods mercy I fyrmely doe truſt,
Therefore O Lord deliuer me from thall:
And pardon me a ſinner, moſt vile and vntruſt.

Faythfull. ¶ That is very well ſayd, if ſo thou doe thinke,
And now frame thy ſelfe, thy life to amend,
Let diſpayre no more into thy mind tracke:
But to be a new man, doe thou now pretend.
And as hertofore thy mind for to pleaſe,
Thou haſte learned the Tyde will tarry no man,
So now it behoueth for thy greater eaſe,
That ſaying, after Gods will for to ſcan.
Take time while time is, thus I doe meane,
Amend thy life whiſt here thou haſte ſpace:
To Gods merciſull promiſe [illegible] that thou leane,
So ſhalt thou enioy the Title of his grace.

Waſtful. ¶ To follow your councell, I will doe my indeuour,
I will ſeeke the ſame in all poyntes to perfourme:
The effect of your woordes I will forget never,
And now I will hence, my wife to returne.
That ſhe and I, in manner new,
May amend our liues, to Gods glory and prayſe:
Wherefore good fryr vnto you adue,
I beſeech the Lord to ſend thee good dayes. Exiunt.

Faythfull. ¶ See how the time takers their fact doth repent,
Who no time will ſpare in pleaſing their will:
And although the beginning haue a pleaſaunt ſente,
Yet of the ending, the taſte is as ill.
For who euer it be that without meaſure,
Doth conſume his ſubſtaunce in prodigall ſorte:
Although he had aboundaunce of treaſure,
Yet will he be a begger, and that in time ſhorte.
I marueile where Authority is,
Who ſhould ſee a helpe for the ſimple oppreſſed:
Many thinges there are greatly amiſſe,
Which by his meanes muſt needes be redreſſed.
His abſence greatly diſquieteth my minde,

I will not cease seeking, vntill him I do finde. Exeunt.

Enter Corage weeping.

Corage. ¶ Out alas this tydinges are ill,
My friend mayster Credinesse, hath ended his dayes,
Dispayre vpon him hath wrought his will,
And desperately now he is gone his wayes.
As one enraged and out of his wit,
No remembraunce of God he would haue:
Alas poore man he had a great fit,
Before that well he was layde in his graue. (himselfe.
Why but is Credines dead in good earnestie, reasoning with
My thinkes these newes are not true which you tell:
Yes truely he dyed in a great madnesse,
And went with the Clyde boats straight into hell.
Why foole, Credinesse will neuer dye,
So long as couetous people do liue:
Then you belike doe thinke that I doe lye,
I am as honest a man as any in your shewe.
I am sure he is dead, or one in his likenesse,
For when he was buryed I stood by:
And some sayd he dyed of the new sickenesse,
Therefore sir thinke not that I doe lye.
For I am as sorry for the death of the man,
As any man that liueth this day:
Wherefore I must needes weepe if I can.
But hush some body is comming this way.

Enter Authority and Faythfull few.

Faythfull. ¶ Surely Authority the same is euen he,
I warrant you sir, you needs not to doubt.

Authori. ¶ Then wyll we handle him kindly thou shalt see,
Therefore see that from vs he escape not out.

Corage. ¶ God saue your honour, and prosper your estate,
I am glad to see you approch this place:
Those which say ill of you, I vtterly doe hate,
I answere for your honour in euery case.

Autho. ¶ Ah crafty carytife, why dissemblest thou so?

Doest thou thinke that vs thou mayest so blind,
Thy contagious doings we right well do know,
And take thy property, nature and kind.
Thou arte an encorager to all kindes of vice,
The Aged to anarpce, and gredy desyre,
The ponger sorte lack none of thine aduice,
To all such acts as the Deuill doth require.

Corage. ¶ Loe Syr, I thought you did me mistake,
I know right well, the man whome you meane,
To fetch him hether, good speede I will make,
I warrant you, I wil shortly be here agayn. Fayne to go out

Faythfull. ¶ Nay softe he is here, whome that we would haue,
Therefore you nede not him for to fetch.

Corage. ¶ Yes I will fetch him, for he is a very knaue, (out.
And almes it is, that a rope he should stretch. Still fayn to go

Author. ¶ Upon thy selfe, iust iudgement thou doest giue,
Iuuenall sayeth, Cuffies are well gouerned,
Whereas such rebelles are now suffered to liue,
But after their desertes, are iustly punished.

Corage. ¶ They which are Rebelles, it behoueth in deede,
That they be corrected and punished so,
For they doe much harme in euery steede,
But I am none such, I would you should know.

Author. ¶ Thou shalt know what thou art, or hence we depart,
Faythfull kepe vpon him sayholde.

Corage. ¶ By gis sir, then I will cause him to smart,
Therefore to touch me, be not so bold.

Faythfull ¶ Syr see where commeth Correction also.

Correction enter.

Autho. ¶ Draw neare Correction and thine office doe,
Take here this caytife vnto the Jayle.

Correct. ¶ Syr to doe your commaundement I will not fayle,
Come on Syrra and let vs away.

Corage. ¶ Nay softe a whyle your wisedome stay.
Holo me when you haue me, but you haue me not yet,
And perchaunce ere you haue me, your nose I will slit.

¶ Thinke

orrecti. ¶ Thinkest thou with bragges to make me afeard.
And beginnest to lay handes on him.
orage. ¶ You are best stand further, least I shaue your beard.
They strive, he draweth his dagger and tyeth them.
orrecti. ¶ In sayth sir, now I will geue you the check, & catcheth him.
orage. ¶ O gods passyon, wilt thou breake my necke?
Is there no man here that hath a corse wife,
If he will in my stead, he shall end his life.
orrecti. ¶ Cush let vs hence, thy talke is in vayne.
orage. ¶ Sithens there is no remedy, best is a short payne. Exit.
ythfull ¶ When all malefactors are duely thus punished,
According to the good and godly lawes,
Then shall Christianity surely be florished,
And to prayse God, we shall haue cause.
ncho. ¶ O Faythfull few, doubt not but as we,
Are able Christianities estate to reforme?
So his reformation in short time shall be,
For we for his estate doe lament and mourne.
Of our selues we are not able to accomplish this thing,
But by the hundred Gods power assisted to be strong:
Wherefore Faythfull few, haue thou no doubting,
But we therevnto doe gladly consent.
For to Socrates saying, vana respondet chorus,
Who sayeth a citie is not to be prayed,
For the fayre buildings, sumptuous houses,
Nor for the good inhabitauntes, in which streetes are placed,
No we accompt those countreyes but vile,
Which vicious pastimes doth maintaine and vaunte,
Although they haue all thinges at their will,
And although in treasure they abound plenteously flourish.
ythfull O noble Authority, by this your occasion,
Great tranquillity to vs shall grow:
We shalbe a forwarde godly nation,
When Christianity is deliuered from thrall,
For better it were vnchristened to be,

C iiij. Then

Then our Christianity for to abuse:
The Jewish Infidell to God doth more agree,
Then such as Christianity do so misuse.
But see ponder where he doth appeare,
Whome abused armour doth greatly oppresse.

Christianity entereth as at the first.

Authour. ¶O Christianity vnto vs drawe neare,
That we thy abused estate may redresse.
And as freely as this power vnto vs is lent,
Here we now by force of the same:
To the faythfull few do here consent,
That thou Christianities estate shalt frame.
In such good forme, fashion, and shape,
As the same shall not be turned againe:
But shall continue in a Godly rate,
From henceforth euermore to remayne.

Frythfull. ¶God graunt that so it may be kept,
As all Christians it may become:
And for my part it shall not be slept,
But my duty shall straight way be done. He turneth the tables

Christian. ¶Now God be prayed who thus againe,
Hath restored me to my former estate:
And hath extinguished from me all payne,
God graunt that now I be not founde ingrate.
And God graunt that all Christians may me duly imbrase,
In such sorte as Gods will it is:
So shall they be sure of a resting place,
In Heauen where raigneth all ioy and blisse.

FINIS.